



First Part
HENRY THE FOURTH.



Alas! Alas! what says she, thinks I did not know you.
Act II. Scene 2.

Rocker del.

Sharp sculp.

Published by T. Lowndes & Partners, July 25, 1789.



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THE
FIRST PART
OF
HENRY IV.
A
TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Shakespeare (h)
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. BATHURST; W. and A. STRAHAN; J. F.
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HAYES; W. STUART; W. BENT, and E. NEWBURY.

M.DCC.LXXXV.

Dramatis Personæ, 1785.

Drury-Lane.

Mr. BENSLEY.
 Mr. BRERETON.
 Master BENSON.
 Mr. AICKIN.
 Mr. PACKER.
 Mr. SMITH.
 Mr. CHAPLIN.
 Mr. FARREN.
 Mr. WRIGHTEN.
 Mr. HURST.
 Mr. PALMER.
 Mr. R. PALMER.
 Mr. WRIGHT.
 Mr. WALDRON.
 { Mr. MOODY.
 { Mr. BURTON.
 Mrs. CUYLER.

Mrs. BRADSHAW.

Sbe:iff, wintner, chamberlain, drawers, travellers and attendants.

The persons of the drama were first collected by Rowe. S C E N E, England.

Covent-Garden.

Mr. CLARKE.
 Mr. LEWIS.
 Mr. FEARON.
 Mr. WROUGHTON.
 Mr. CUBIT.
 Mr. DAVIES.
 Mr. BOOTH.
 Mr. HENDERSON.
 Mr. CHALMERS.
 Mr. LEDGER.
 Mr. STEVENS.
 Mr. JONES.
 Mr. EDWIN.
 { Mr. WEWITZER.
 { Mr. BATES.
 Mrs. INCHBALD.

Mrs. PITT.

King Henry the Fourth,
 Henry, prince of Wales,
 John, duke of Lancaster,
 Worcester,
 Northumberland,
 Hotspur,
 Mortimer,
 Archbishop of York,
 Douglas,
 Owen Glendower,
 Sir Richard Vernon,
 Sir Michael,
 Westmoreland,
 Sir Walter Blunt,
 Sir John Falstaff,
 Poins,
 Gadshill,
 Peto,
 Bardolph,
 Francis,
 Carriers,
 Lady Percy,
 Lady Mortimer,
 Hostess Quickly,



Dramatic Persons, Hackney - 1792 -

King Henry	Mr. Hudson
Prince of Wales	Mr. Weyland
Duke of Lancaster	Mr. Reynolds
Worcester	Mr. Heathcote
Northumberland	Mr. Capel
Hotspur	Mr. May
Mortimer	Mr.
Archbishop of York	Left out
Douglas	Mr. R. Heathcote
Glendower	Mr.
Sir Richard Vernon	Mr. B. Capel
Sir Michael	Left out
Westmoreland	Mr. Welby
Sir Walter Blunt	Mr. Lakes
Sir John Glatstaff	Mr. Brandling
Prins	Mr.
Gadhill	Mr. Newcome
Peto	Mr. Anderson
Bardolph	Mr. R. Newcome

Dramatic Persona, continued

Francis	Mr Shadwell
1. st Carrier	Mr Lanning
2. nd Carrier	Mr H. Shadwell
Sheriff	Mr Hooper
Traveller	Mr
1. st Messenger	Mr Grey
2. nd Messenger	Mr A. May
3. rd Messenger	Mr Partridge
Lady Percy	Left out
Lady Mortimer	Left out
Hostess Quickly	Mr Ladogan

THE
FIRST PART
OF
HENRY IV.

* * The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as at Line 3 to 6 in Page 1.

ACT I.

SCENE *The court.*

Enter king Henry, lord John of Lancaster, earl of Westmoreland, and others.

KING HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in frows a-far remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. ~~Which open'd his eyes, poor heart not~~
~~Which like the mother of a troubled heaven,~~
~~Which from the womb of a false peace,~~
~~Which in the heart of the intestine shock,~~
~~Which in the heart of a civil war,~~
~~Which in the heart of a civil war,~~
~~Which in the heart of a civil war,~~
~~Which in the heart of a civil war,~~
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldiers now, under whose blessed cross

' We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
 ' Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
 ' ~~Who from us were mortified in their mother's wombs,~~
 ' ~~The chief of these pagans in that holy field,~~
 ' ~~Over whose graves walked the noblest of men,~~
 ' ~~Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were said~~
 ' ~~To own advantage, on the battle-field,~~
 ' ~~For this our purpose is a rocky month old,~~
 ' ~~And he who shall not follow us will go;~~
 ' ~~Therefore, we meet to-morrow~~— then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:

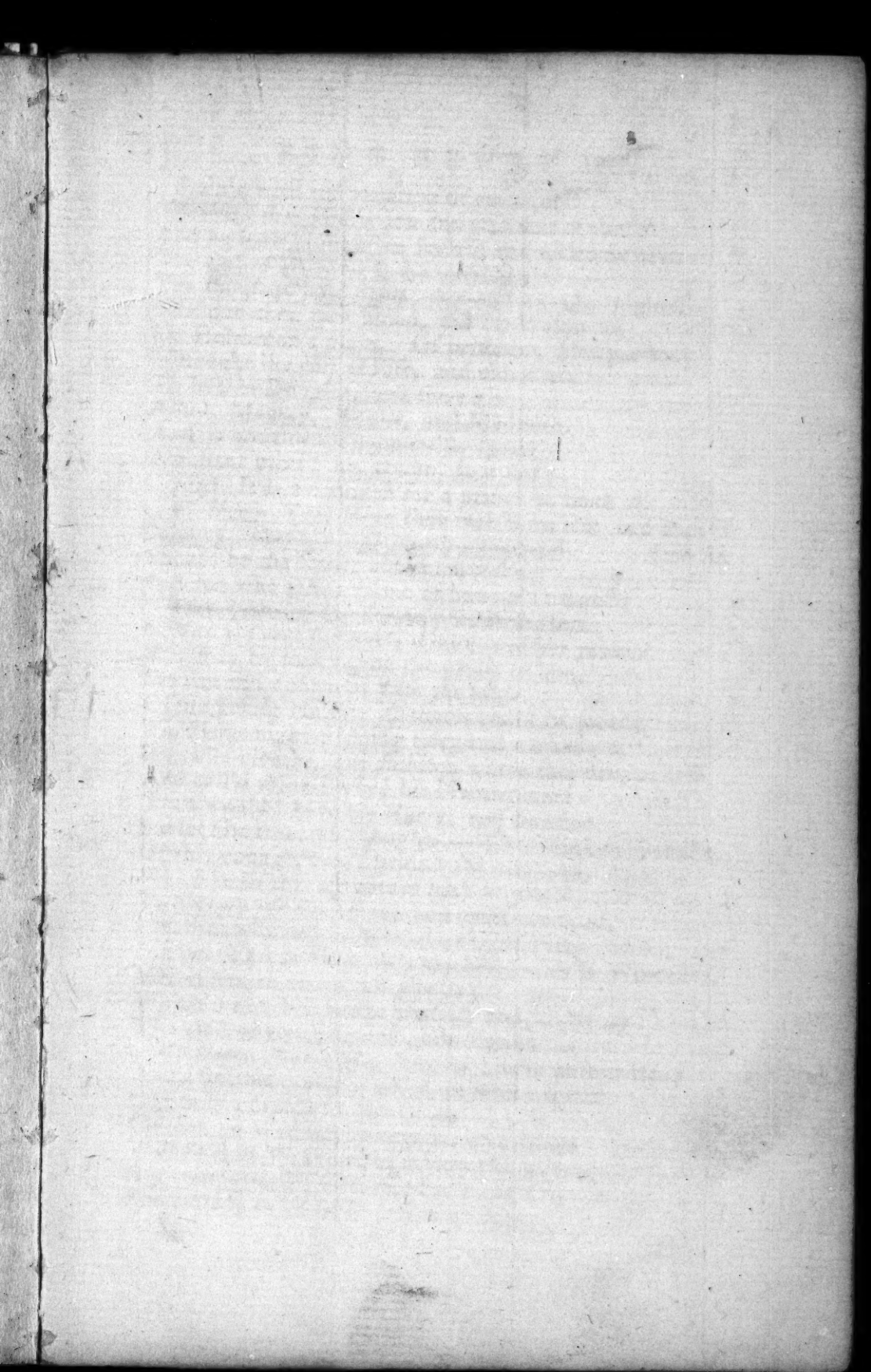
' ~~Upon whose dead corpse there was a funeral,~~
 ' ~~Such honour, as the dead man's transformation,~~
 ' ~~By the Welshman's hands, was made,~~
 ' ~~Which our noble lord, who had the power of,~~

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy-land.

West. This, match'd with others, did, my gracious lord;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood-day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon spent a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought it, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention, did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.

' Stain'd



' Stain'd with the variation of each foil
 ' Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours :'
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news :
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty nights,
 Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plain. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Moredake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas, and the earls
 Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
 In envy, that my lord Northumberland [me sin
 Should be the father of so blest a son :

' A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
 ' ~~Amongst the sons of this fair isle~~ ;
 ' Who is sweet fortune's minion and her pride :'
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
 In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, cousin,
 Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
 Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
 And, for this cause, a while we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords :
 But come yourself with speed to us again ;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,

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Than out of anger can be uttered.

'*Well. I will, my liege.*'

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *An apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter Henry Prince of Wales and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, ~~and the blessed sun himself a fair one~~ ~~which in time could not be seen~~ I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal. For we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus, *he, that wand'ring knight so fair.* And I pray thee sweet wag, when thou art king—as God save thy grace (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none)——

P. Henry. What! none?

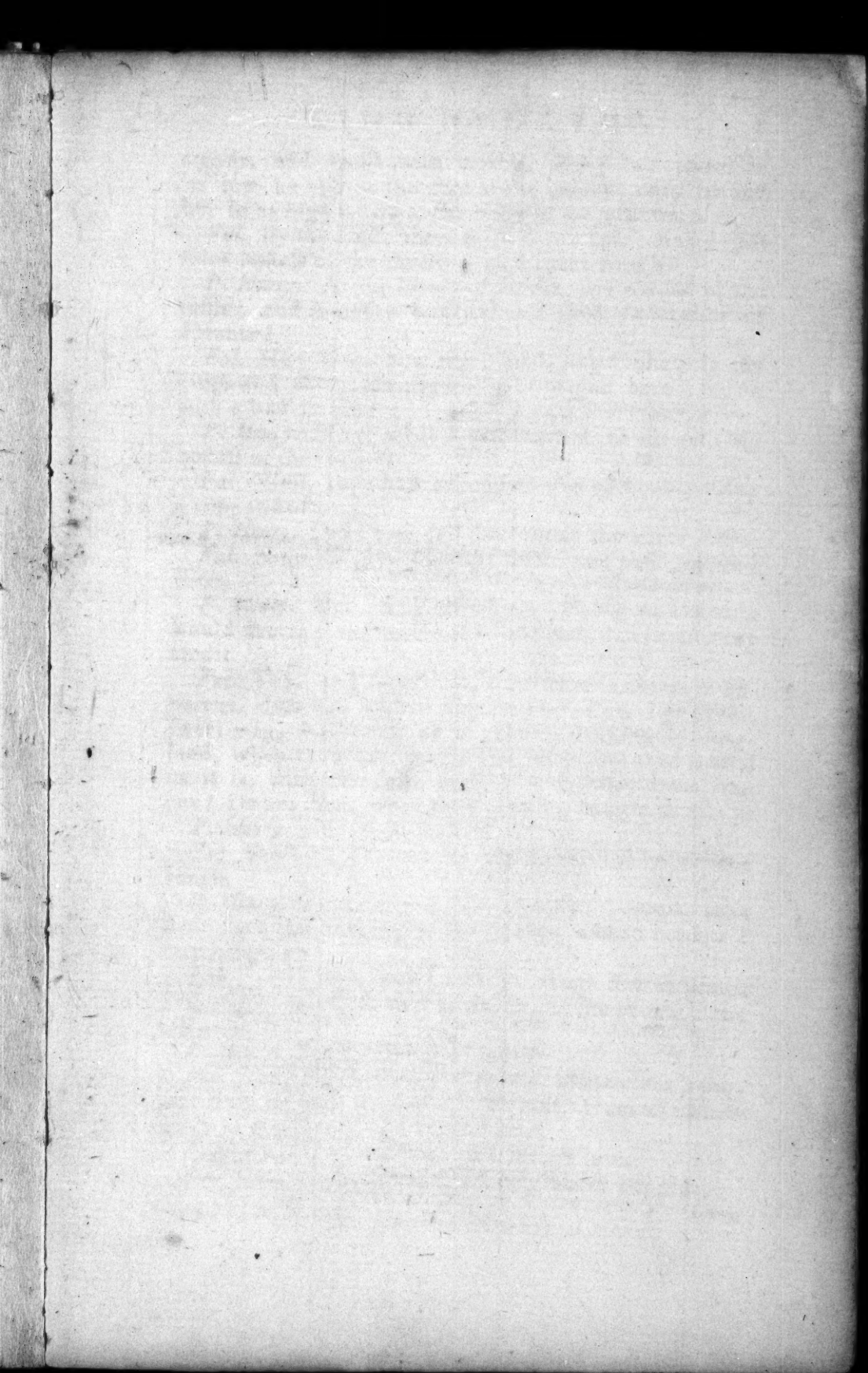
Fal. No, 'by my troth;' not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then:——come——roundly, roundly.——

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: and let men say, we be men of good government! being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we——steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing,

lay



say by, and spent with crying, bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not mine hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a ~~plague~~ have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent——But, I prythee, sweet wag, shall there be a gallows standing in England, when thou art king; and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king hang a thief.

P. Henry. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

THE FIRST PART OF

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury families; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely; ~~'but I regarded him not, and yet~~ ' ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~very~~ ^{very} ~~wisely~~ ^{wisely},' and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out 'in the streets,' and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; 'by the lord,' an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. 'Poins!—Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be fav'd by merit, what hole in hell were 'hot enough for him?'

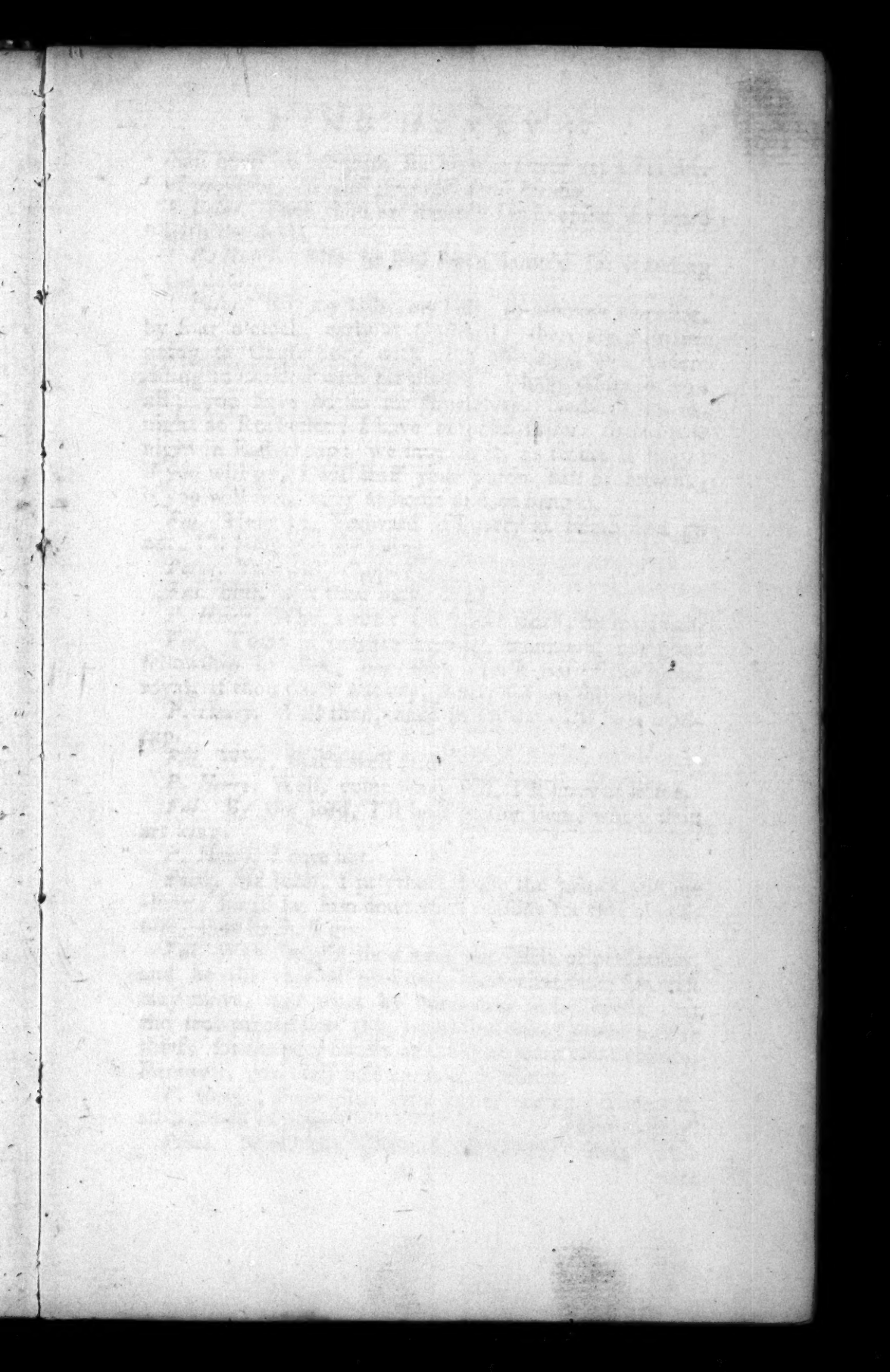
Enter Poins.

'This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd
'Stand, to a true man.——'

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal, what says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word, the devil
'shall



S

' shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker
' of proverbs, *He will give the devil his due.*

' *Poins.* Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word
' with the devil.

' *P. Henry.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening
' the devil.

' *Poins.* But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning,
by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: there are pilgrims
going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders
riding to London with fat purses. I have visors for you
all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-
night at Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow
night in East-cheap: we may do it, as secure as sleep:
if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns;
if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward if I tarry at home and go
not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There is neither honesty, manhood, nor good
fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood
royal, if thou dar'st not cry, *stand*, for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-
cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said:

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou
art king.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me
alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adven-
ture, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion,
and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest
may move, and what he hears may be believed; that
the true prince may (for recreation-sake) prove a false
thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance.
Farewell, you shall find me in East-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell,
all-hallow'n summer!

[Exit Falstaff.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride
A 5 with

with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but, 'tis like, they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change after we leave them; and, firrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fights longer then he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[Exit Poins.]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun;

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

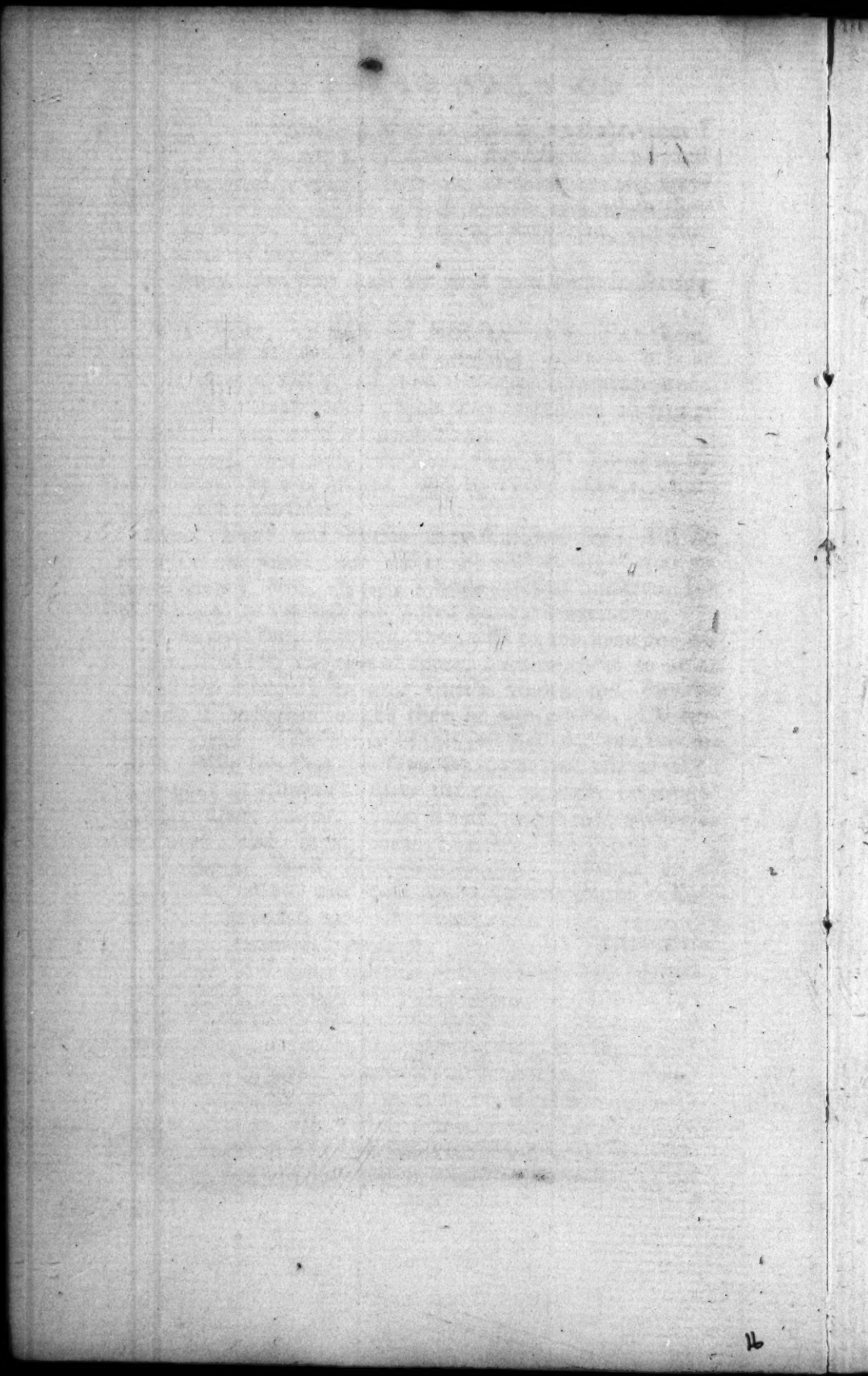
To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at.

~~By making through the fog and darkness~~

~~to appear, that is from being hid.~~



~~And all the year were playing holidays;
 To spend much time in such unprofitable work;
 But when they seldom come, they wish for none;
 And nothing please but to be idle.~~
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify mens' hopes;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE *An apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
 Sir Walter Blunt and others.*

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities;
 And you have found me; for, accordingly
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness too, which our own hands
 Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My Lord,——

K. Henry. Worcester, get the gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
 O Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory;
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us. When we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—[*Ex. Wor.*
 You were about to speak. [To Northumberland:

North. Yes, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your majesty:

'Either envy, therefore, or misprision,

'Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.'

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners:

But I remember, when the fight was done,

When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword;

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,

Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.

He was perfum'd like a milliner;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose, and rubb'd his eyes;

'Why thus?—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;

And, as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,

He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms

He question'd me: amongst the rest demanded

My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I, then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,

Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;

He should, or should not; for he made me mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth

Was spermaceti for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,

This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

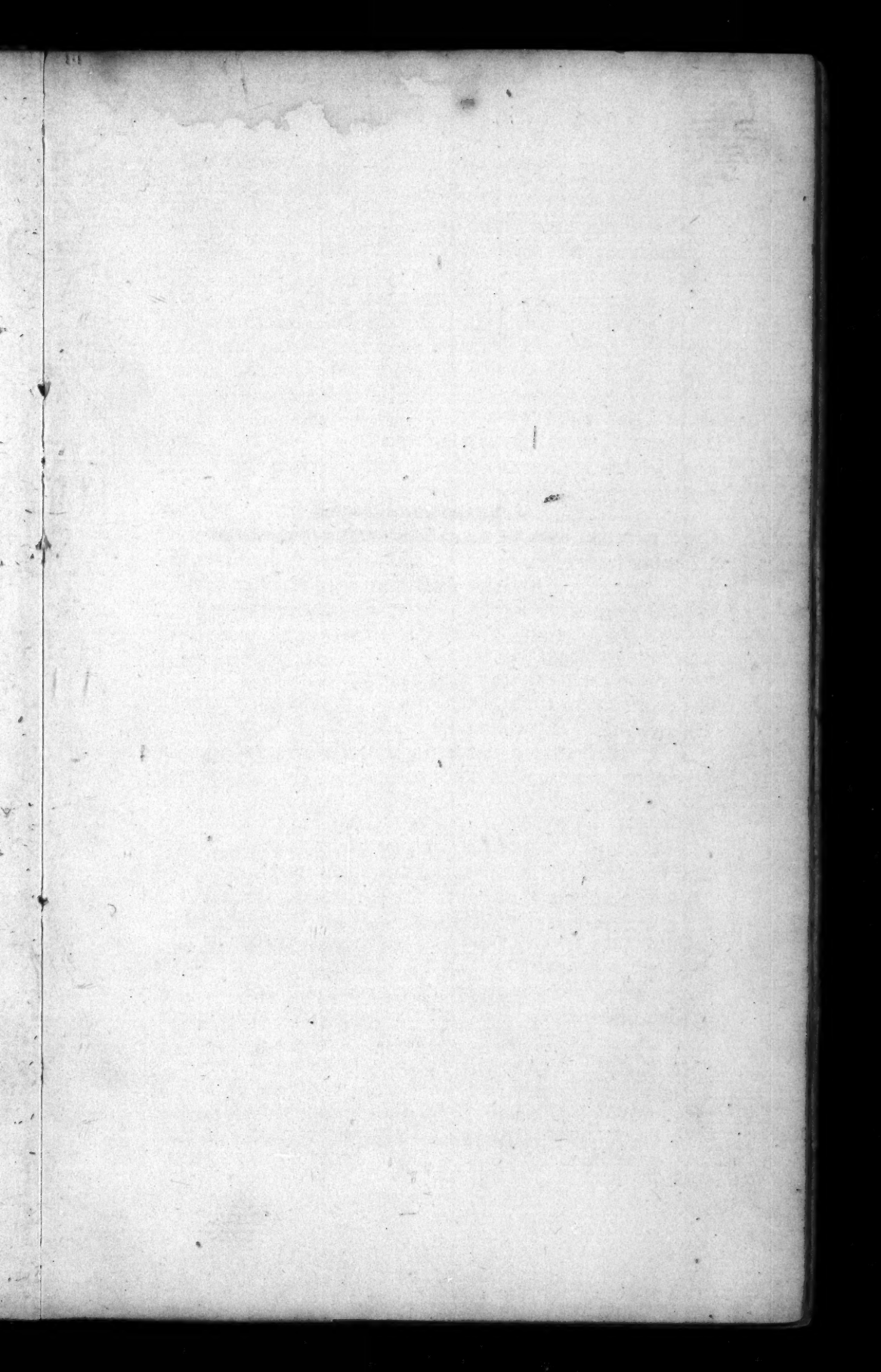
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

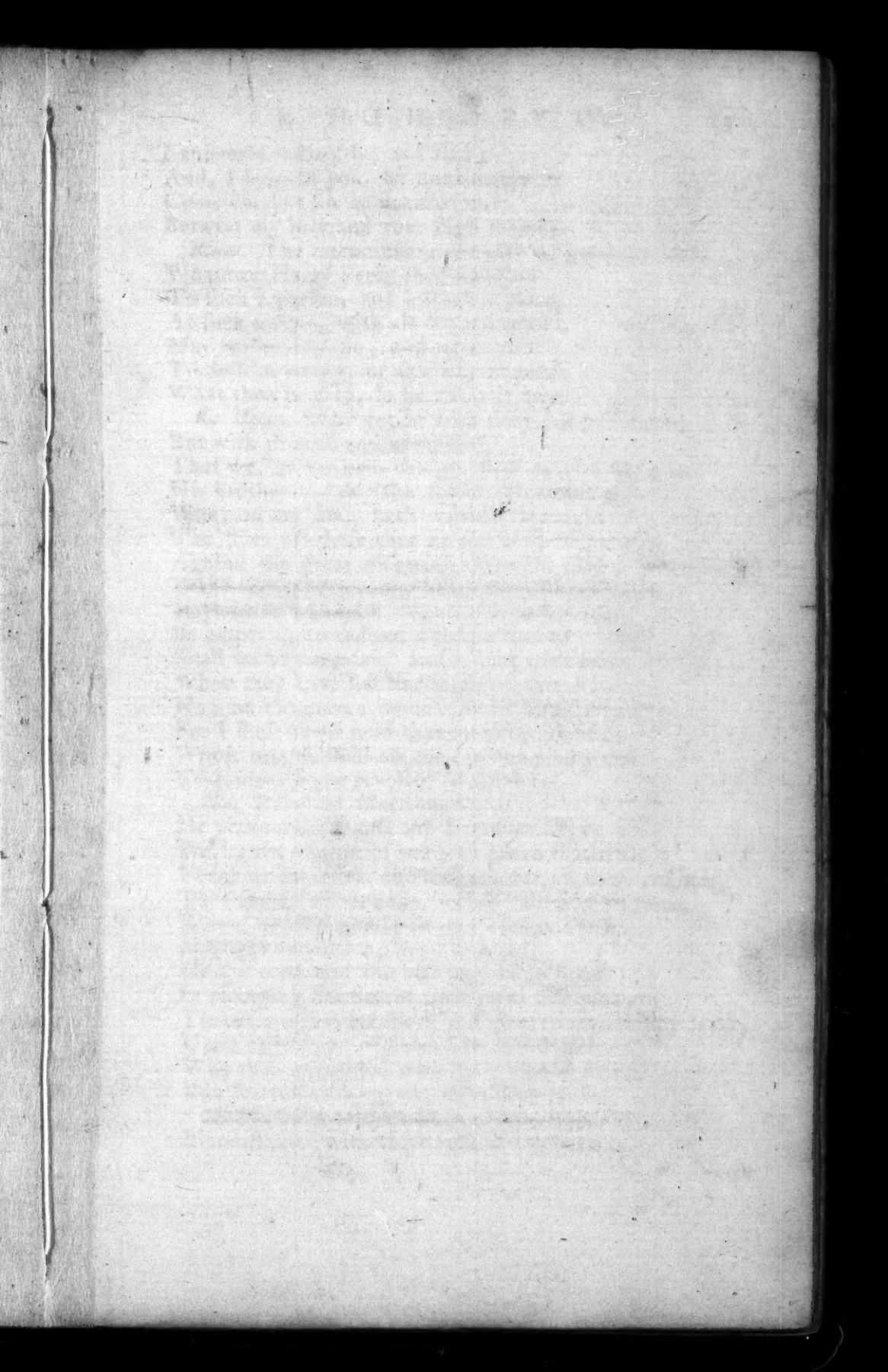
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.—

This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I an-





.....

I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And, I beseech you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die; and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his prisoners;
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
~~Whose dagger, we are told, did pierce the heart of~~
~~that bloody traitor.~~ Shall our coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No; on the barren mountains let him starve:
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war; to prove that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When, on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
 Threetimes they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement of sweet Severn's flood;
 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
~~and left his confederate in the bloody field,~~
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

Never did bare and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly:
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt. [him;

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie
 He never did encounter with Glendower;
 ' ~~Glendower~~, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son.

—Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it. [Ex. *K. H.*

Hot. And if the devil come roar for them,
 I will not send them.—I will after strait,
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head. [while:

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause a
 Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
 Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

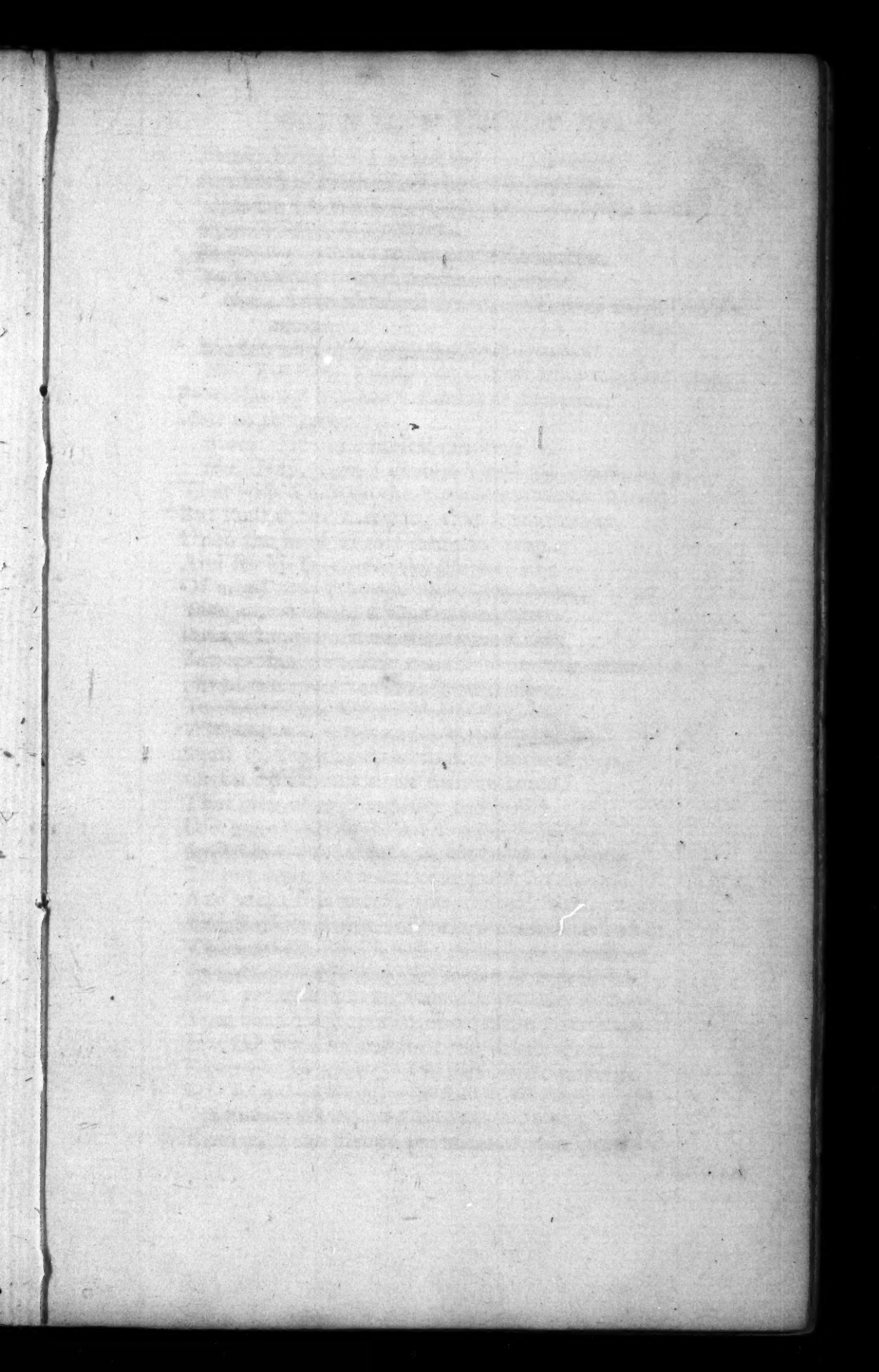
North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew
 mad. [To Worcester,

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
 By Richard that is dead, the next of blood?

North.



KING HENRY IV.

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :

~~And he was crowned, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs I have so often told you of)
Upon his death-bed lay;
And he was crowned, when the unhappy king
Took his last breath, and the world was
Witness to his death, and the world was~~

~~Witness to his death, and the world was~~

Hot. But soft, I pray you.—Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother ' Edmund ' Mortimer
Heir to the crown ?

North. He did : myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man ;
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation ?—~~shall it be,
That you would suffer such a king,
To set the crown upon his head,
The crown, the lordship, and the hanging of the
(And the lordship, and the hanging of the
To set the crown upon his head,
Wherein you are, under this subornation)
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf—~~

~~And shall it be, that you would suffer such a king,
To set the crown upon his head,
The crown, the lordship, and the hanging of the
To set the crown upon his head,
Wherein you are, under this subornation)
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
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To set the crown upon his head,
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To set the crown upon his head,
Wherein you are, under this subornation)
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf—~~

No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.

Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :

Therefore

Therefore, I say——

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night—or sink or swim—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple,——O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
—Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners——

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. 'Nay,' I will; that's flat——
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holloa, Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak

Nothing

Spoke quick & a long stop.

a stop.

denote surprise.. long stop. at attend.

(must be given up.) said to yourself.

a long stop.

1841

1842

1843

1844

1845

1846

Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

~~When I hear you, cousin, speak,
My father here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gill and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword and buckler paces of Wales,
But then, I bid him, his father loves him not.
And would be glad he were with some mischance,
And have him paid with a poor wife.~~

~~When I hear you, cousin, speak, I will tell you,
When you are better to be to attend.~~

North. Why, what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time—what do ye call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley-castle.

Hot. You say true—

Why what a candied deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, when his *infant fortune came to age*—

And, *gentle Harry Percy*—and, *kind cousin*—

The devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them without their ransom straight, [*To Hot.*]

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons

~~Which I shall send you written hereunto,~~

Will easily be granted.—You, my lord— [*To North.*]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd—

Shall

18 THE FIRST PART OF

Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what, I think, might be; but what, I know,
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer—Ha!

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well-aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think, we ~~think~~ ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I
trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu!—O let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

Diem

once kept up

ACT II. SCENE *An inn at Rochester**Enter a carrier with a lanthorn in his hand.*

I CARRIER.

H EIGH ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What, ostler!

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's faddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers, out of all cefs.

Enter another carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there's ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loch.

1 *Car.* What, ostler!—Come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd.—What, ostler! a plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? an'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-bill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell?—lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a!—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; 'they will along with company, 'for they have great charge.'

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain!—

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

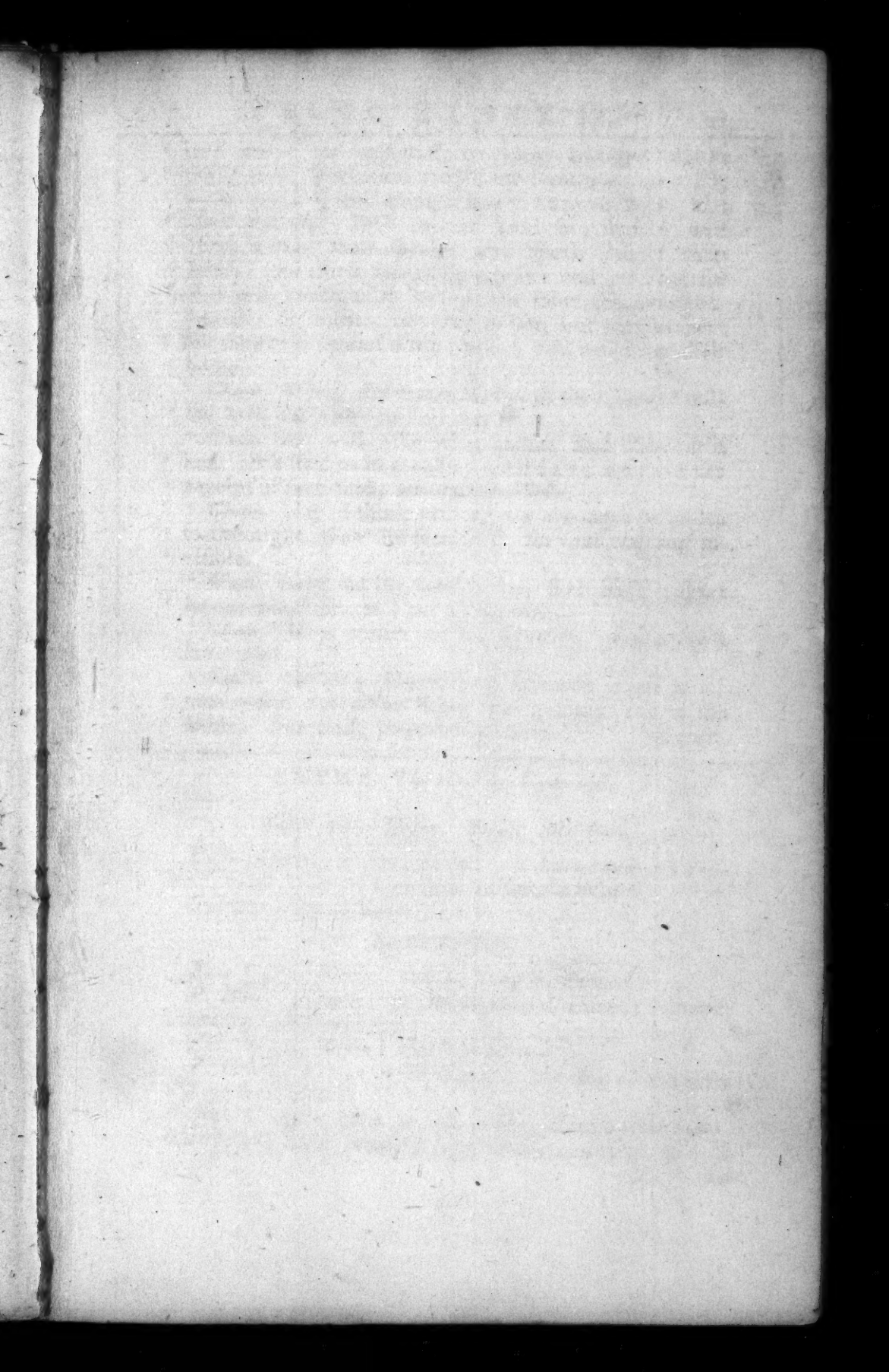
Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot how.

Cham. Good-morrow, master Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin, in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with St. Nicholas' clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st St. Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-



' land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny-strikers; none of
 ' those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms: but
 ' with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters, and
 ' great one-yers; such as can hold in; such as will
 ' strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than
 ' think; and think sooner than pray: and yet I lie, for
 ' they pray continually unto their saint the common-
 ' wealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her;
 ' for they ride-up and down on her, and make her their
 ' boots.

' *Cham.* What, the common-wealth their boots? will
 ' she hold out water in foul way?

' *Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquour'd
 ' her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the
 ' receipt of fern-feed, we walk invisable.

' *Cham.* Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden
 ' to the night, than the fern-feed, for your walking in-
 ' visible.

' *Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share
 ' in our purchase, as I am a true man.

' *Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a
 ' false thief.

' *Gads.* Go to; Homo is a common name to all
 ' men.—Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the
 ' stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.' [Exit.

SCENE *The road by Gads-hill.*

Enter prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter. I have removed Fal-
 staff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins! and be hang'd, Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; what a
 brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!—

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill;
 I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company:
 the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and tied him, I
 know

know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drank medicines. Poin! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whistle.*] Whew!—a plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-guts! lye down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

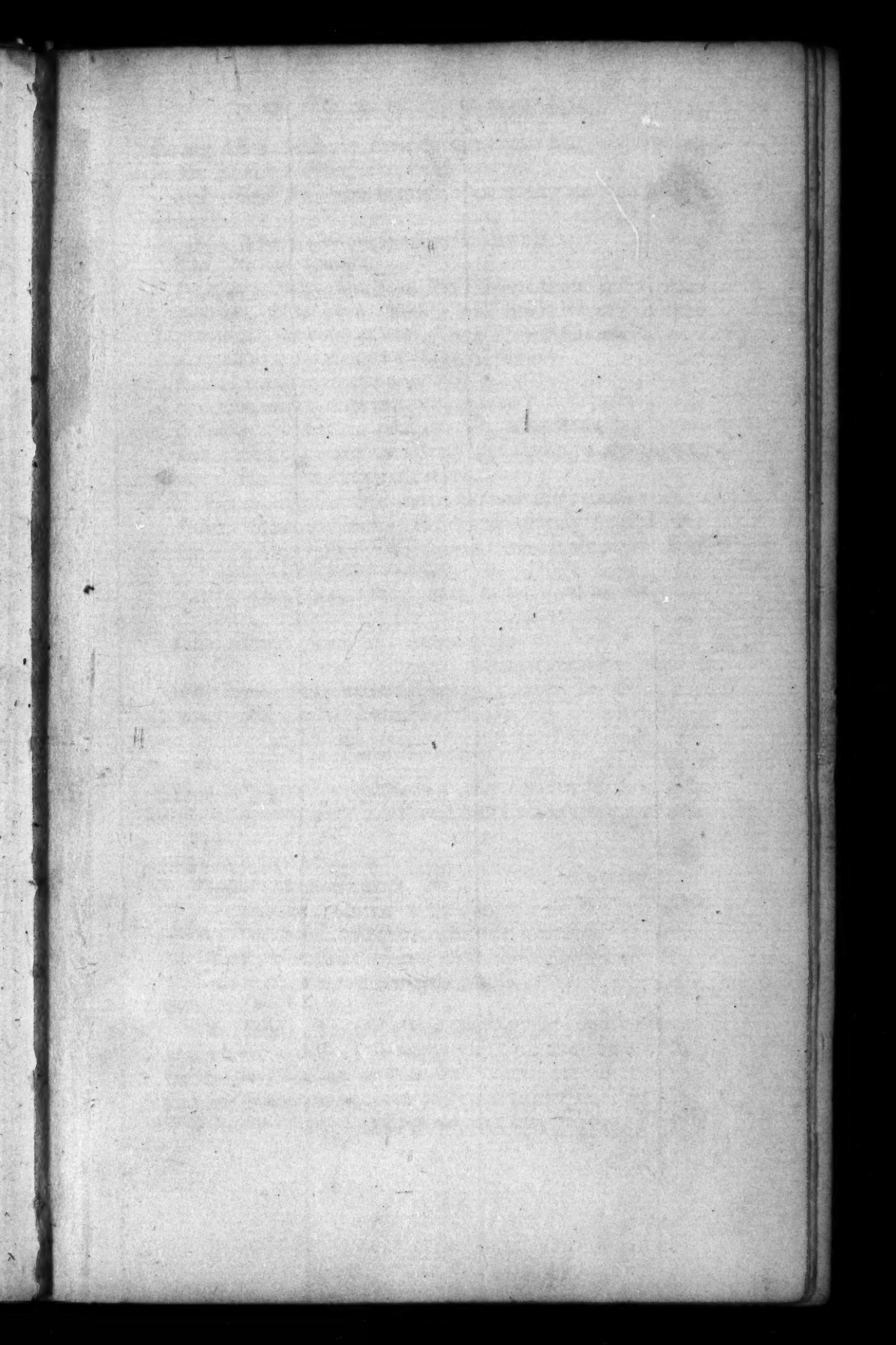
Gads. Stand.——

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Bard. What news?——

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money



money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. Ned where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by. Stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

[*Enter Travellers.*]

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.—

Trav. Jesu blefs us!

Fal. 'Strike;' down with them; cut the villains' throats: 'ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth:' down with them; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men must live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*They rob and bind them.* *Exeunt.*
Enter

THE FIRST PART OF

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter thieves again at the other part of the stage.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto, run away, and Falstaff after a blow or two follows, leaving the booty behind them.]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

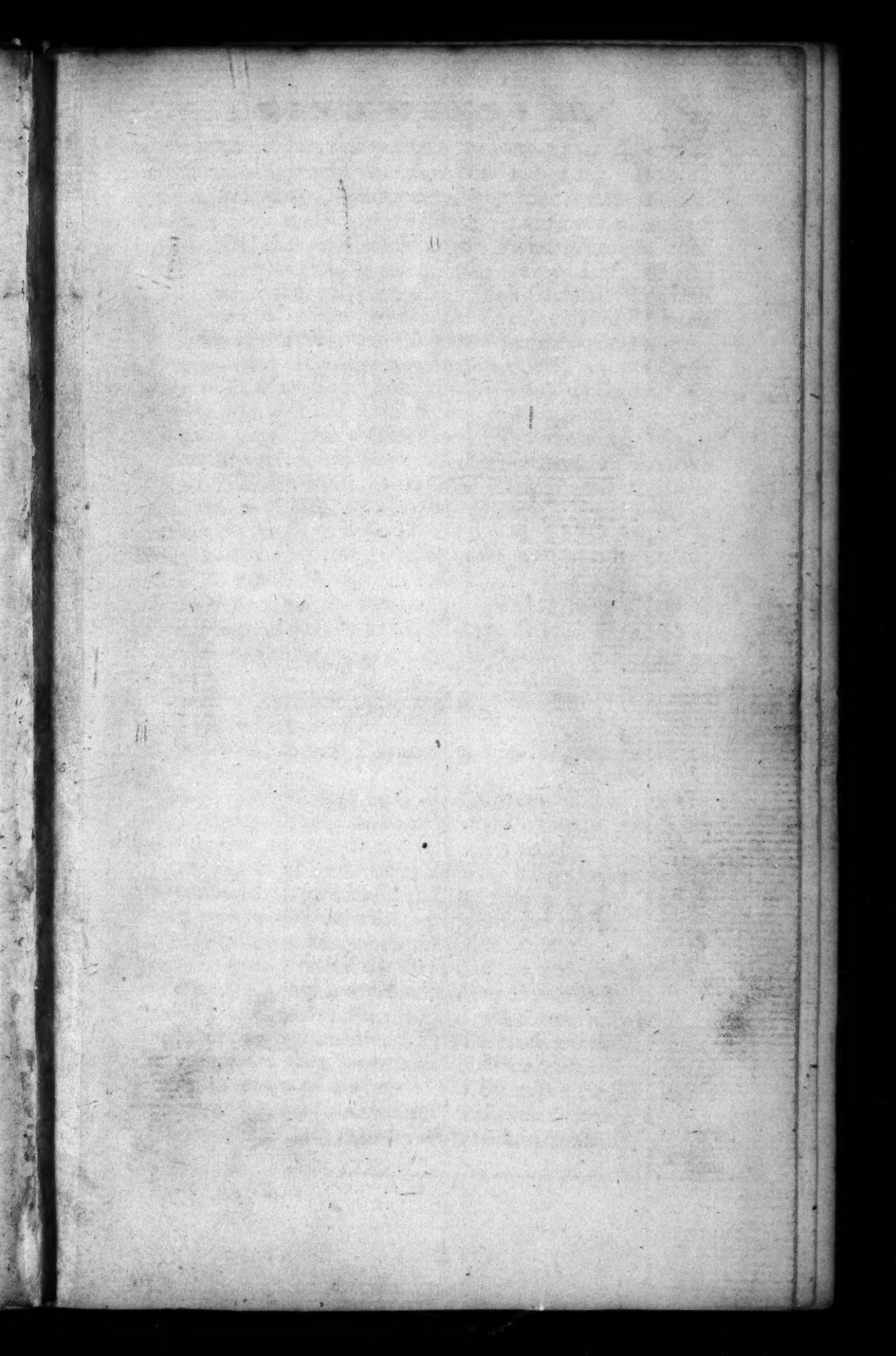
Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE *A room in the castle at Warkworth.*

Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.

—But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. —He could be contented; why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house! —he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, —Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unsorted; and your



your whole plot too light for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot, is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared: I will set forward to-night. *Exit.*

Enter lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often, when thou sit'st alone?
 ' Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
 ' And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
 ' To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
 ' In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
 ' And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 ' Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 ' Cry, *Courage! to the field!* and thou hast talk'd
 ' Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,

B

• Of

' Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
 ' Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
 ' Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 ' And all the currents of a heady fight.
 ' Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 ' And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
 ' That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 ' Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
 ' And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 ' Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 ' On some great sudden haste.' O, what portents are
 these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the
 sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear? is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him strait.—O Esperance!—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Serv.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toft with.

In sooth, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize: but if you go—

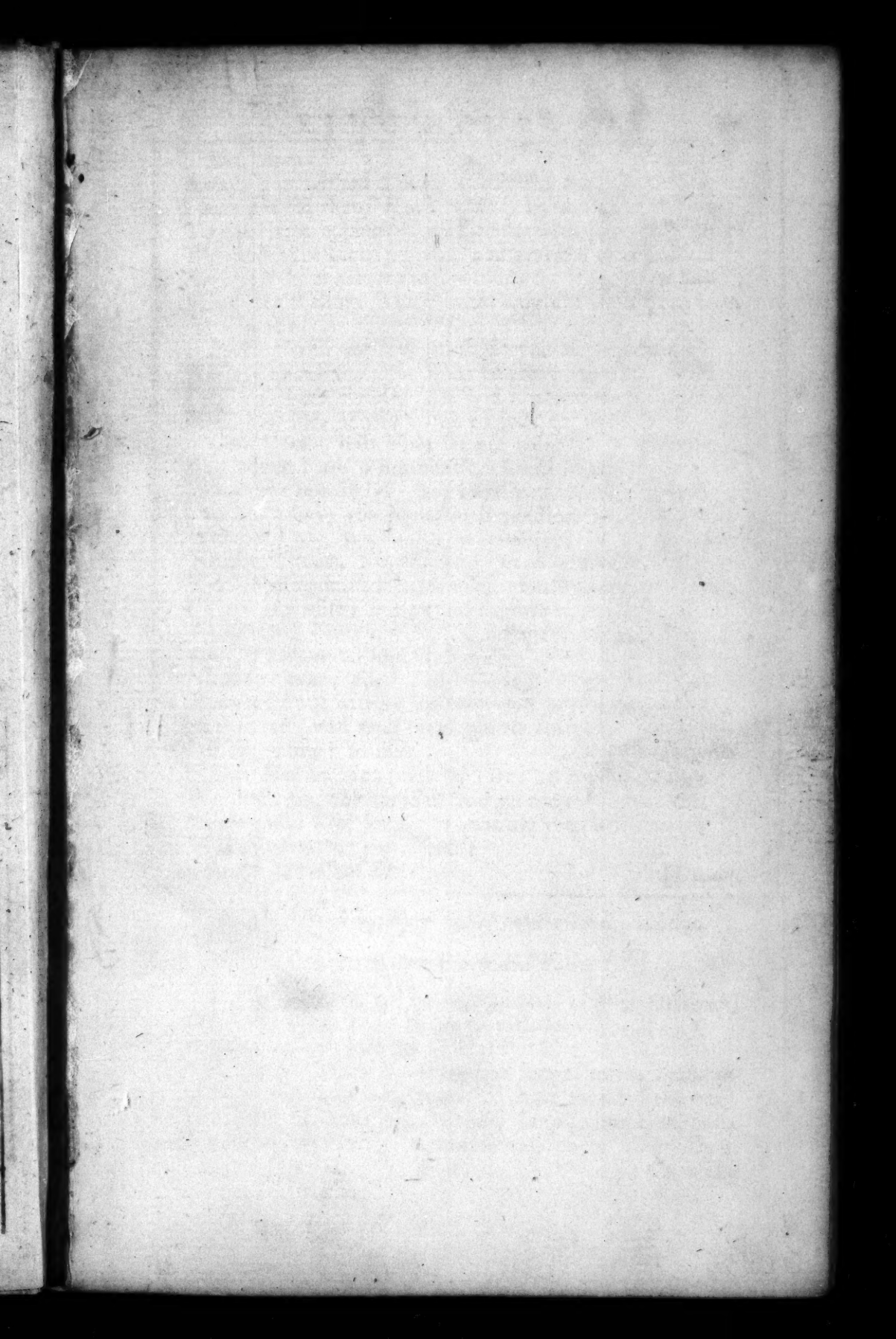
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
 Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot.



Hot. Away,
 Away, you trifler! Love? I love the not,
 I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
 To play with mammetts, and to tilt with lips:
 We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
 And pass them current too.—Gods me! my horse!—
 What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with
 me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
 Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
 Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am o'horseback, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
 I must not have you henceforth question me,
 Whither I go; nor reason whereabout:
 Whither I must, I must, and, to conclude,
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
 I know you wise; but yet no further wise
 Than Harry Percy's wife. Constant you are,
 But yet a woman: and for secrecy
 No lady closer; for I well believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
 And so far I will trust thee, gentle Kate:

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
 Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *The Boar's-head tavern in East-cheap.*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room,
 and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
 three or fourscore hogheads. I have founded the very
 base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to
 a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their

Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. ‘They
 ‘ take it already upon their salvation, that though I
 ‘ be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of cour-
 ‘ tesy; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like
 ‘ Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good
 ‘ boy:—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am
 ‘ king of England, I shall command all the good lads
 ‘ in East-cheap. ~~They call drinking deep, drinking fear-
 ‘ less, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—
 ‘ ho! and bid you play it off. The second day I am
 ‘ so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I
 ‘ can drink with any sinner in his own language, doing
 ‘ my life.~~ I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour,
 ‘ that thou wert not with me in this action.’ But, sweet
 Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee
 this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my
 hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other
 English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence,*
 and—*You are welcome,* with this shrill addition,—*Anon,*
anon, Sir: Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so.
 But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I
 prythee do thou stand in some bye-room, while I que-
 stion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar;
 and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale
 to me may be nothing but,—*Anon.* Step aside, and I’ll
 shew thee a precedent.

[*Poins retires.*]

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.—Look down into the Pom-
 granate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

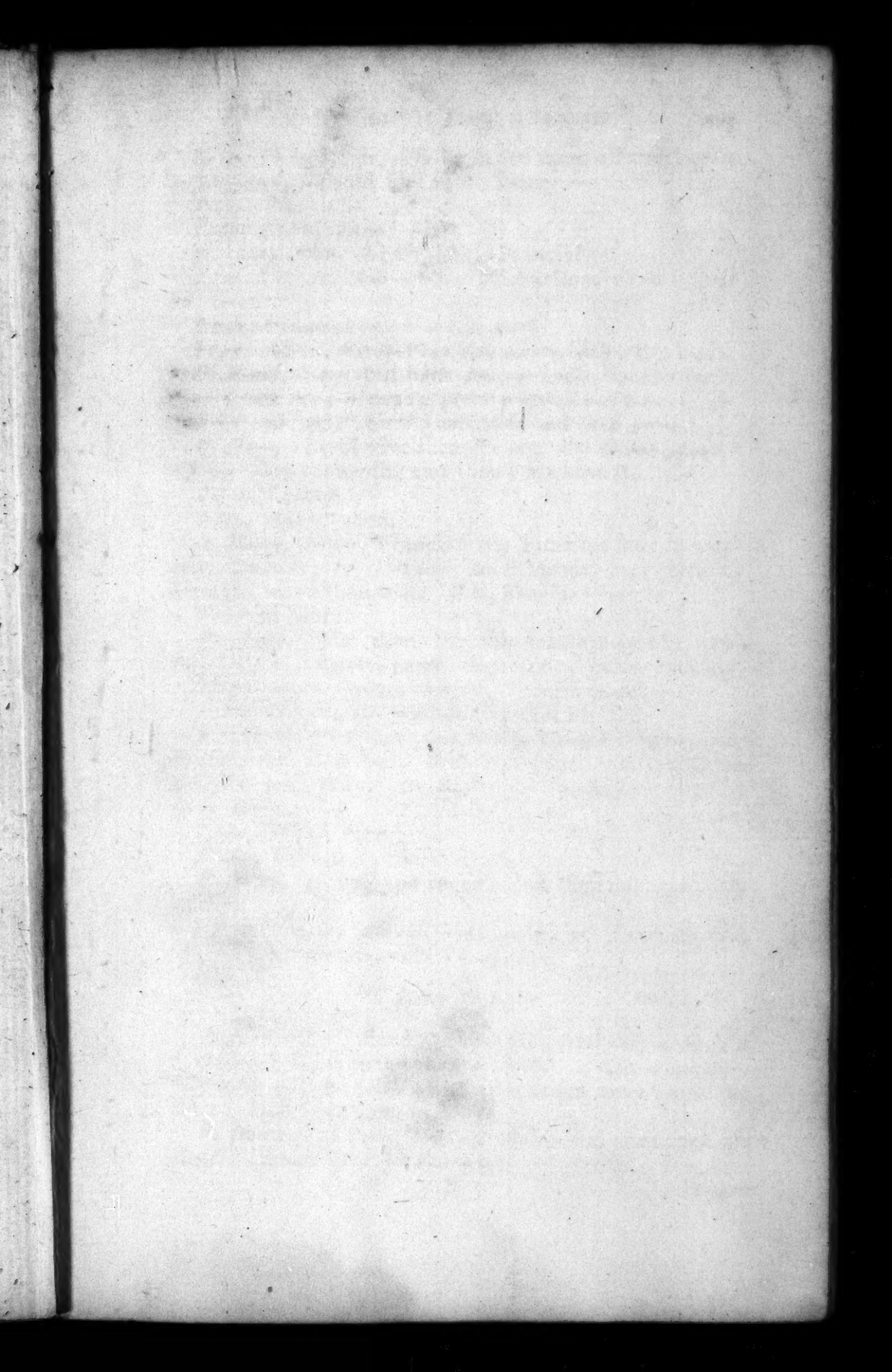
Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

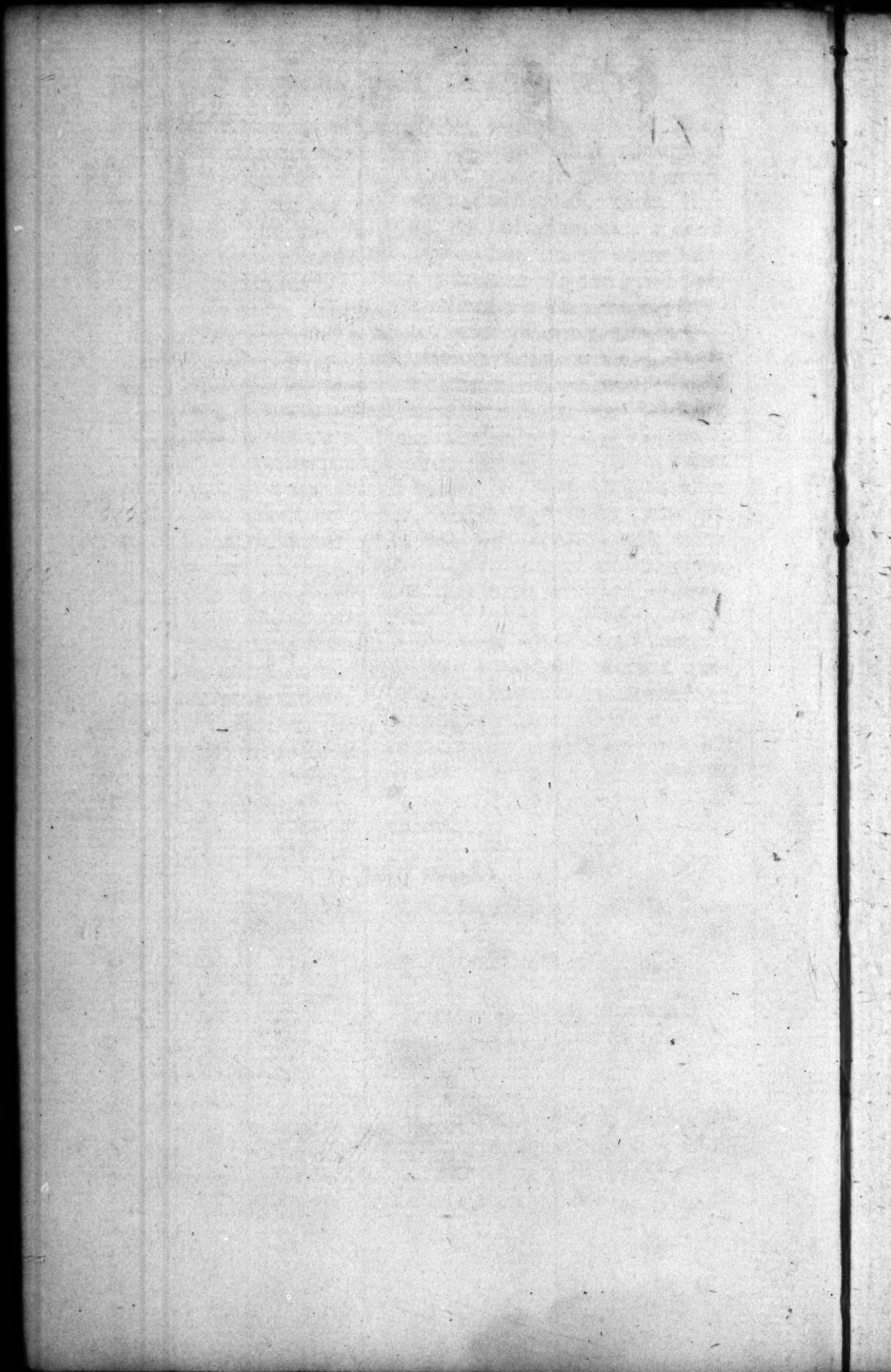
Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by’rlady, a long lease for the
 clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so
 valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and
 shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran.





Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, Sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis, for the sugar thou gavest me;—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, 'Sir!' I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? no, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—

Fran. My lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knott-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-garter, smooth tongue, Spanish-pouch—

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown bastard is your only drink: for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Hostess.

Host. 'What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within.' [Exeunt drawer. My lord, old Sir John with half a dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?]

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [Exit Hostess.] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he, and answers some, fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; ~~Will you call in Falstaff, and bid him come? I will give him a piece of my mind.~~ ~~Call in Falstaff, and bid him come. I will give him a piece of my mind.~~ Call in ribs, call in tallow.

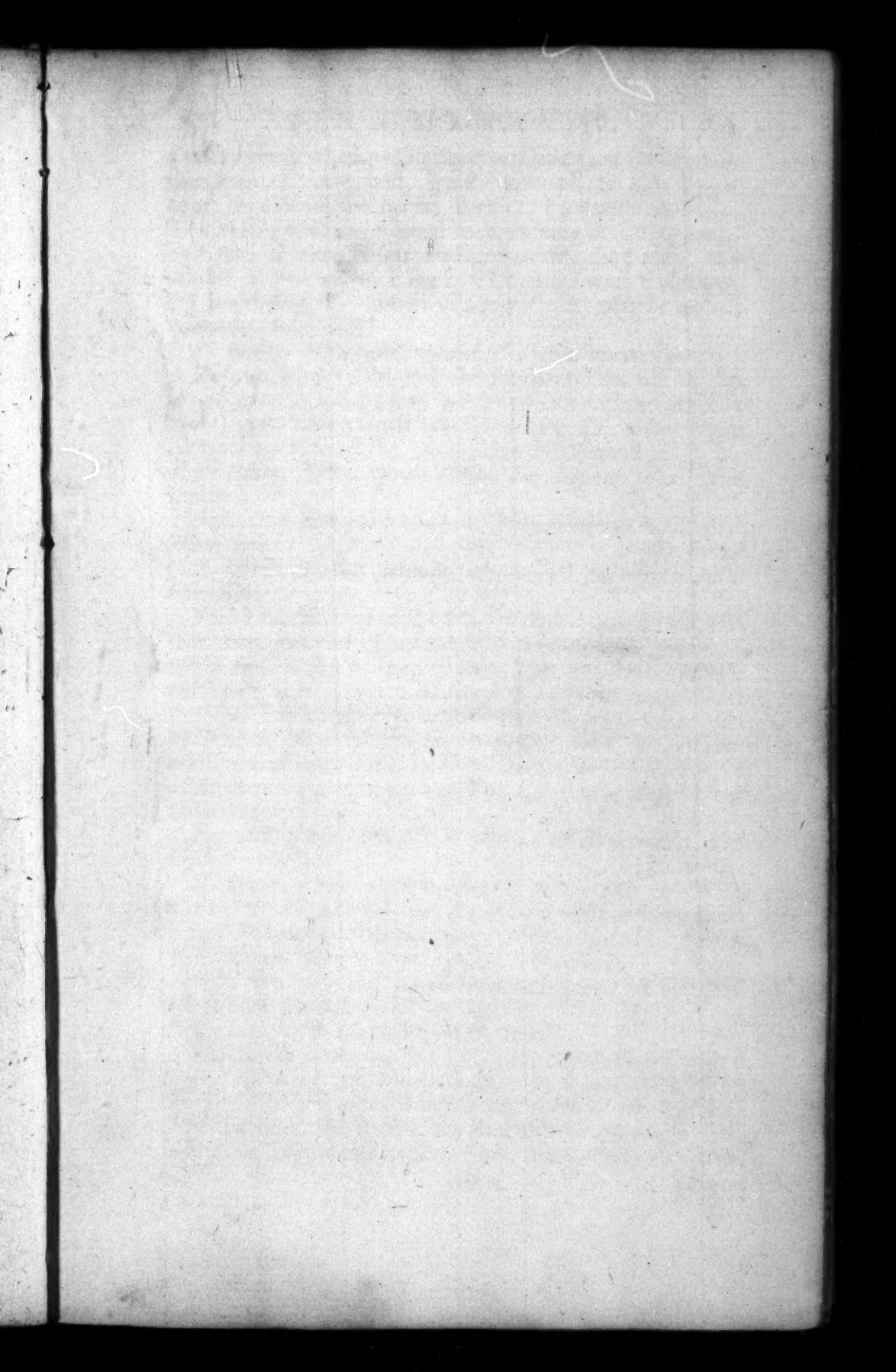
Enter Falstaff, Gads-bill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack; where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards. I say, and a vengeance too! marry and Amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? (pitiful-hearted Titan!) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villain—



a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world, I say! 'I would I were a weaver; 'I could sing all manner of songs.' A plague on all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack, what matter you?

Fal. A king's son! if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whorson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and Poins there? [To Poins.]

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I! [He drinks.]

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is. A hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What an hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, ecce signum.

[*Shows his sword.*] I never dealt better since I was a man. All would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some fix or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murther'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal;—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why, there were but four even now.

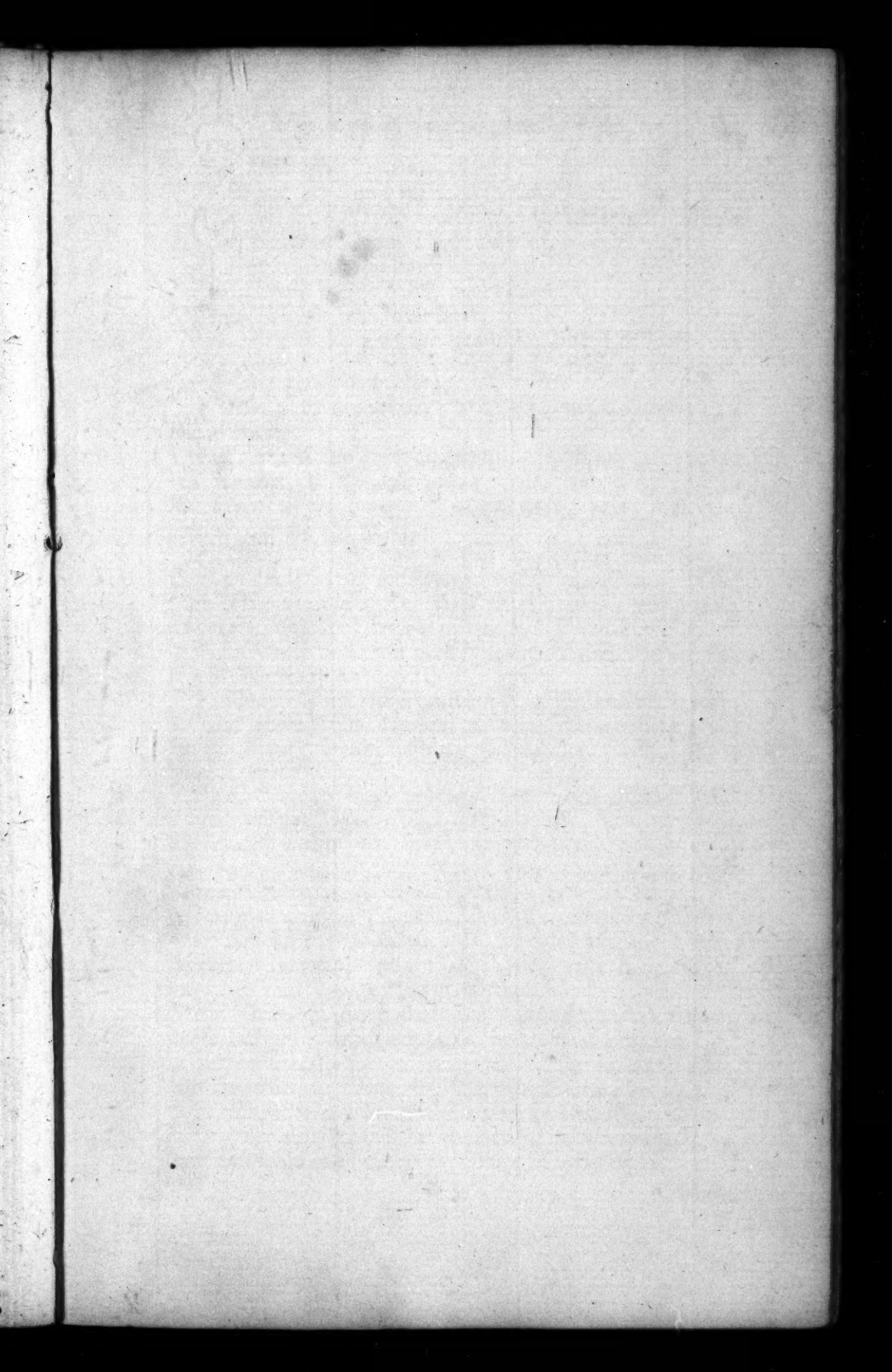
Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal.



Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of, —

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, —

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech, —

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason. What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I!

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh; —

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, ~~lath-pate~~, you stock-fish — O for breath to utter what is like thee! — You taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck —

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff; you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick? what device? what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha! d'ye think I did not know you? By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, calp to the doors; watch to-night, pray tomorrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content:—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

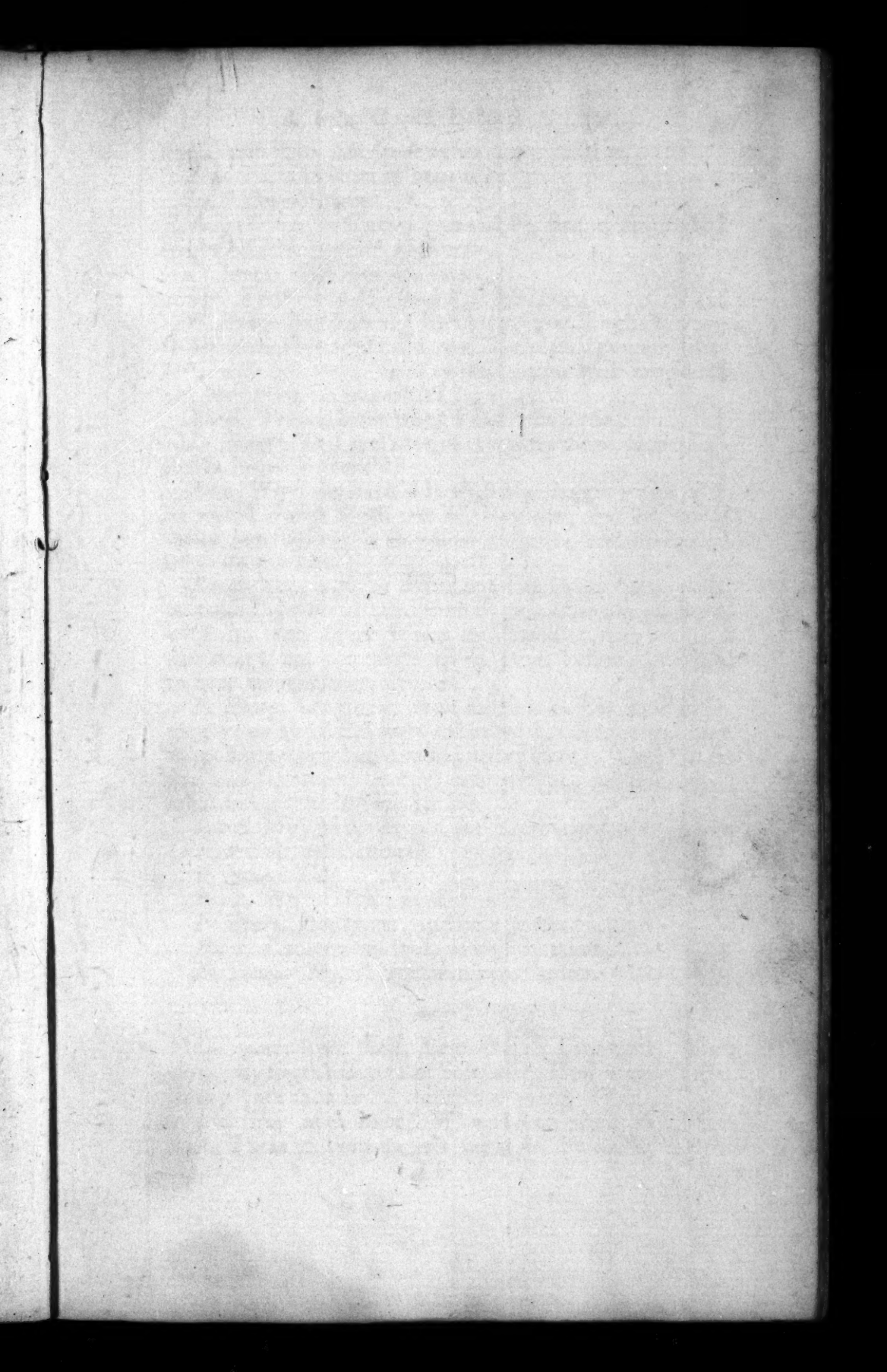
Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,



man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hos. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

P. Henry. Now, Sirs, 'by'r lady,' you fought fair;—
so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions
too; you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch
the true prince; no,—Fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came Fal-
staff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said,
he would swear truth out of England, but he would
make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded
us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass,
to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments
with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I
did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd
to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eigh-
teen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and
ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst
fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away;
what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you
behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How
now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long-is't ago,
Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! When I was about thy years,
Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could

have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of fighting and grief! it blows up a man like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad; here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook, —What a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horfeback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well! that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O'horfeback, ye cuckow! but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct! Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

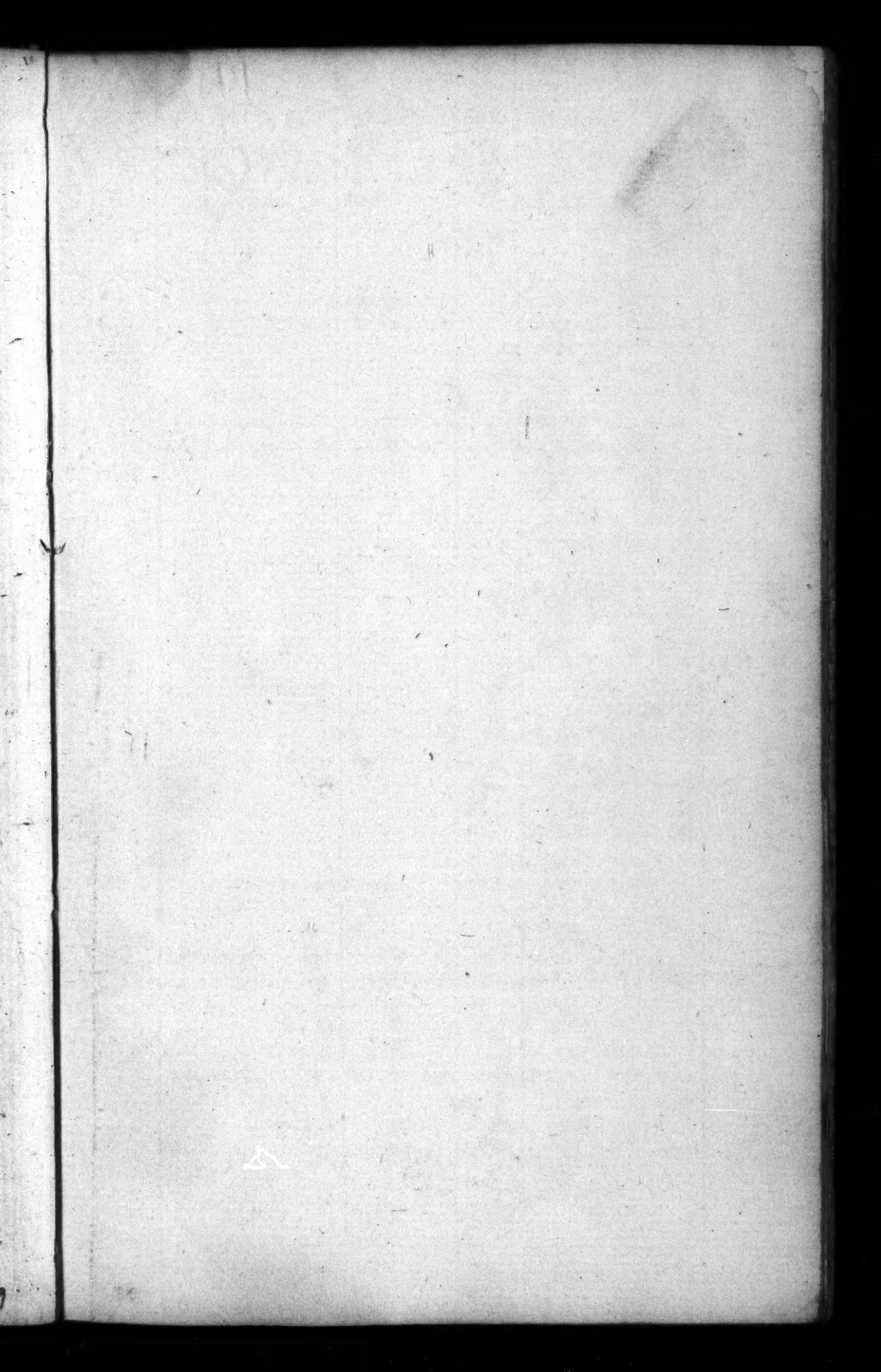
~~*P. Henry.* Then, in the morning, I shall see a letter from him, which will be a great help to me, and I shall be able to buy land as cheap as stinking mackerel.~~

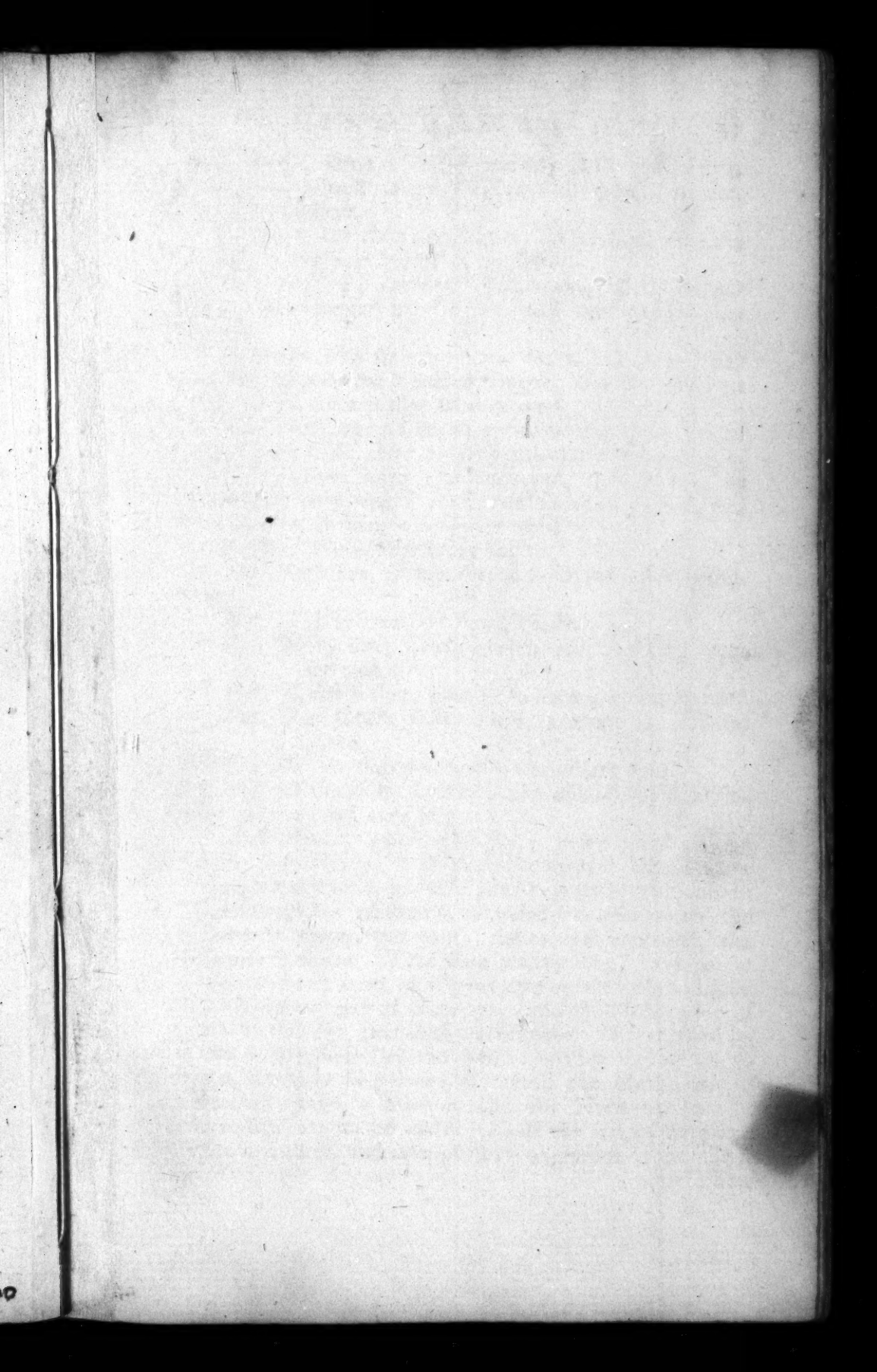
~~*Fal.* By the way, I shall see a letter from him, which will be a great help to me, and I shall be able to buy land as cheap as stinking mackerel.~~

Fal. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal.





Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyfes' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Hof. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hof. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me: If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd.

There

There is a thing Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak of thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majesty.

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to three-score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince i'faith.

P. Henry. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox

‘ with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?’

‘ *Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?’

‘ *P. Henry.* That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

‘ *Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

‘ *P. Henry.* I know, thou dost.

‘ *Fal.* But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then may an old host that I know is damn’d; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh’s lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore, more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry’s company, banish not him thy Harry’s company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

~~*Henry, Peto, Bardolph, Poins, and Falstaff go out.*~~

‘ [*Knocking; and Hostess and Bardolph go out.*

‘ *Re-enter Bardolph, running.*

‘ *Bar.* O my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

‘ *Fal.* Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.’

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord! ———

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What’s the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff. [*Exit Hostess.*] Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto; manent Prince and Poins.*]

~~*Enter Prince and Poins.*~~ *Enter Sheriff.*—

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A grofs fat man:

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee; or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

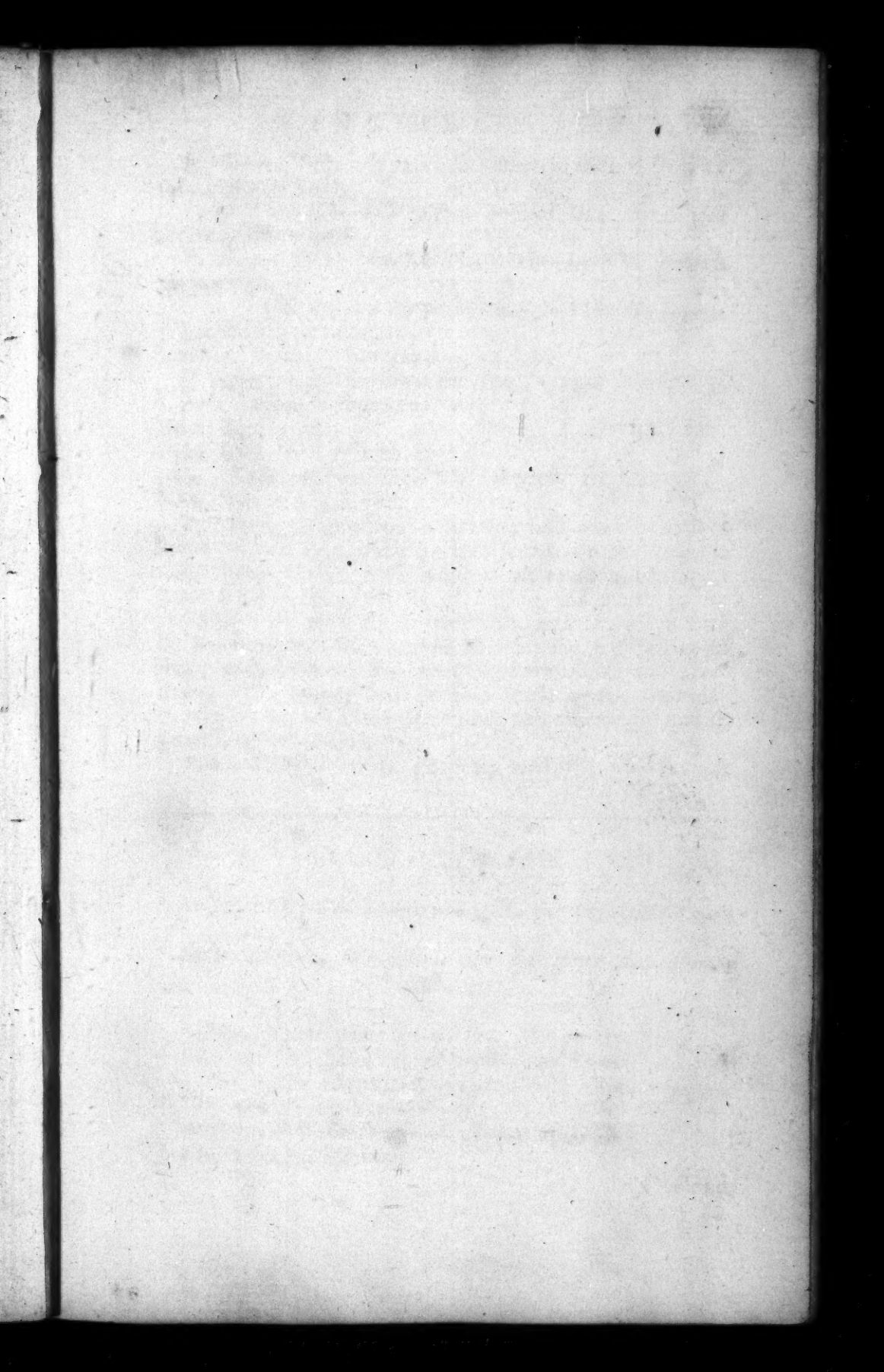
Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord I think it to be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Henry.



P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's :
Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath : Search
his pockets.

[*He searches his pockets and finds certain papers.*

What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see what they be : ' read them.'

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a half-penny.

P. Henry. O monstrous ! but one half-penny worth of
bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is
else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage :
there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the court in the
morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall
be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of
foot ; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-
score. The money shall be paid back again, with ad-
vantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so
good morrow, *Poins.*

Poins. Good-morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

* SCENE, *The archdeacon of Bangor's house in Wales*

* Enter *Hotspur, Worcester, lord Mortimer and Owen
Glendower.*

* *Mor.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,
* And our induction full of prosperous hope.

* *Hot.* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
* Will you sit down?—

* And uncle Worcester :—A plague upon it!

* I have forgot the map.

* *Glend.*

- ' Glend. No, here it is.
 ' Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
 ' For by that name as oft as Lancaster
 ' Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
 ' A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.
 ' Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
 ' Owen Glendower spoke of.
 ' Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
 ' The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
 ' Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
 ' The frame and the foundation of the earth
 ' Shook like a coward.
 ' Hot. Why, so it would have done
 ' At the same season, if your mother's cat
 ' Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been
 ' born.
 ' Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.
 ' Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind.
 ' If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.
 ' Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
 ' tremble,
 ' Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on
 ' fire,
 ' And not in fear of your nativity.
 ' Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
 ' In strange eruptions: ~~on the morning earth~~
 ' ~~in with a kind of choleric pinch'd and cold~~
 ' ~~by the imprisoning of warily wind~~
 ' ~~within her womb, which for enlargement striving,~~
 ' ~~struck the old benighted earth, and topples down~~
 ' ~~scapes, and makes green tresses.~~ At your birth,
 ' Our Grandam earth, having this distemperature,
 ' In passion shook.
 ' Glend. Cousin, of many men
 ' I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
 ' To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
 ' The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
 ' The Goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 ' Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
 ' These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
 ' And all the courses of my life do shew,
 ' I am not in the roll of common men.

Where

- ' Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,
 ' That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
 ' Wales,—
 ' Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
 ' And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
 ' Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
 ' Or hold me pace in deep experiments.
 ' *Hot.* I think there is no man speaks better Welch:—
 ' I will to dinner.
 ' *Mort.* Peace, Cousin Percy; you will make him
 mad.
 ' *Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
 ' *Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any man:
 ' But will they come, when you do call for them?
 ' *Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, ~~cousin~~, to command
 ' The devil. *coz*
 ' *Hot.* And I can teach thee, ~~cousin~~ to shame the
 devil,
 ' By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
 ' If thou have power to raise him,—bring him hither,
 ' And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence,
 ' O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
 ' *Mort.* Come, come,
 ' No more of this unprofitable chat.
 Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made
 head
 ' Against my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye,
 ' And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
 ' Booteless home, and weather-beaten back.
 ' *Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
 ' How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
 ' *Glend.* Come here's the map; Shall we divide our
 right,
 ' According to our three-fold order taken?
 ' *Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it
 ' Into three limits very equally:
 ' England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
 ' By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
 ' All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
 ' And all the fertile land within that bound,
 ' To Owen Glendower: —and, dear coz, to you
 ' The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 ' And

' And our intention is to be at Shrewsbury :
 ' Which being so, we will be ready,
 ' (~~to be at Shrewsbury at the right time~~)
 ' To-morrow, confin Percy, you, and I,
 ' And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
 ' To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
 ' As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 ' My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 ' Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
 ' Within that space, you may have drawn together
 ' Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

[To Glendower.]

' Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, - lords,
 ' And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
 ' ~~From when you have not lost, and take no leave;~~
 ' ~~For there will be a world of water that,~~
 ' ~~Upon the passing of your wives and you.~~

' Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
 ' In quantity equals not one of yours :
 ' See, how this river comes me cranking in,
 ' And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
 ' ~~in half, and makes me lose the best of it.~~
 ' I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
 ' And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
 ' In a new channel, fair and evenly :
 ' It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 ' To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

' Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see, it doth.

' Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up.

' With like advantage on the other side.
 ' Gelding the opposed continent as much,
 ' As on the other side it takes from you.
 ' Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
 ' And on this north side win this cape of land ;
 ' And then he runs straight and even.

' Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

' Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

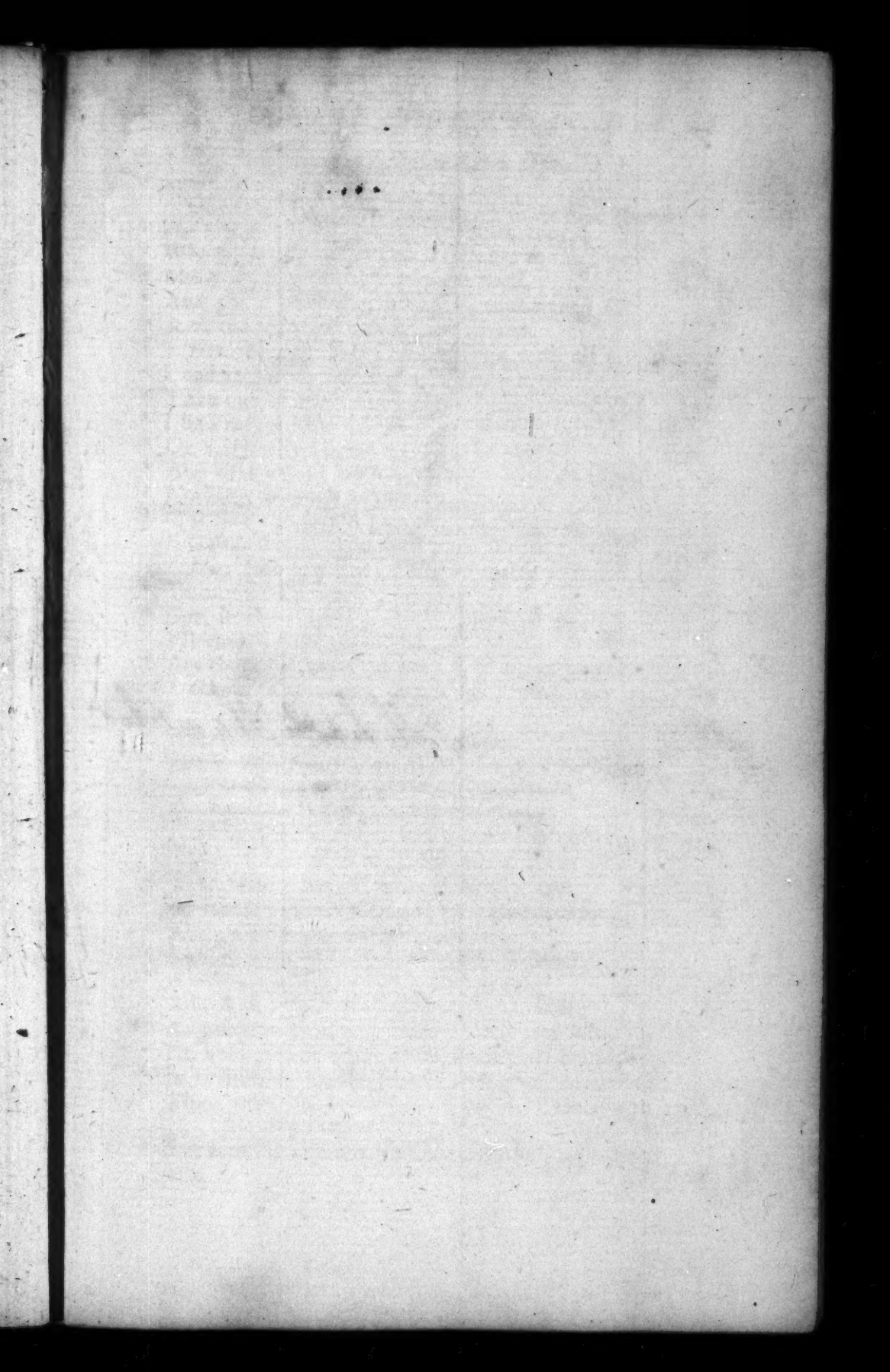
' Hot. Will not you ?

' Glend. No, nor you shall not.

' Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

' Glend. Why, that will I.

' Hot.



x I'll haste the writer

- ' *Hot.* Let me not understand you then,
 ' Speak it in Welsh.
 ' *Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
 ' For I was train'd up in the English court:
 ' Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
 ' Many an English ditty, lovely well,
 ' And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
 ' A virtue that was never seen in you.
 ' *Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart;
 ' I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
 ' Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
 ' I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
 ' Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
 ' And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
 ' Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
 ' 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
 ' *Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
 ' *Hot.* I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
 ' To any well-deserving friend;
 ' But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 ' I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 ' Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
 ' *Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away by
 night:
 ' ~~(All haste the writer) and a night,~~
 ' ~~Break with your wives of your departure hence:~~
 ' ~~I am afraid, my daughter will be mad,~~
 ' ~~So much she doted on her Mortimer.~~ [Exit.
 ' *Mort.* Fie, constrain Percy! how you cross my father!
 ' *Hot.* I cannot chuse: sometimes he angers me,
 ' With telling me of the mouldwarp and the ant,
 ' ~~Of the dreamer Mortimer, and his prophesies;~~
 ' ~~And of a dragon and a Calves head,~~
 ' ~~And a spring of golden and a blacker raven,~~
 ' A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
 ' And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 ' As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 ' He held me last night at the least nine hours,
 ' In reckoning up the several devils' names;
 ' That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,
 —go to,—
 ' But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious

46 THE FIRST PART OF

* As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
 * Worse than a smoaky house:—I had rather live
 * With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far;
 * Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
 * In any summer-house in Christendom.

* *Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
 * Exceedingly well read, and profited
 * In strange concealments; ~~valiant as a lion,~~
 * ~~And worthier of his name, than I am of mine.~~
 * ~~Acquaintance of mine.~~ Shall I tell you, cousin?
 * He holds your temper in a high respect,
 * And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
 * When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
 * I warrant you, that man is not alive,
 * Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
 * Without the taste of danger and reproof;
 * But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

here. * *Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are ~~too well advised~~;
 * And, since your coming ~~hither~~, have done enough
 * To put him quite beside his patience.
 * You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
 * Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,
 * (And that's the dearest grace it renders you)
 * Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 * ~~Defect of manners, want of government,~~
 * Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
 * The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
 * Loseth men's hearts; ~~and I have been a witness~~
 * ~~To your hotness, and full of offence,~~
 * ~~Beginning thus to commendation.~~

* *Hot.* Well, I am school'd: Good manners be your
 * speed! *Exit.*
 * ~~His coming in, and his departure.~~

* *Re-enter Glendower, with the ladies.*

* *Mort.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,
 * My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

* *Glend.* My daughter weeps; she will not part with
 * you,

* She'll be a foldier too, she'll to the wars.

* *Mort.* Good father, tell her,—she, and my aunt
 * Percy,

* Shall

swell the word, too.
to blame too wilful,
lay a stress upon quite

- Shall follow in your conduct speedily.
- [*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]
- *Glend.* She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one
- That no persuasion can do good upon.
- [*Lady speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.*]
- *Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
- Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
- I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
- In such a parly should I answer thee.
- [*The lady again in Welsh.*]
- I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
- And that's a feeling disputation:
- But I will never be a truant, love,
- 'Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
- Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
- Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
- With ravishing division, to her lute.
- *Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
- [*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]
- *Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this.
- *Glend.* She bids you,
- Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
- And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
- And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
- And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
- Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
- Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
- As is the difference betwixt day and night,
- The hour before the heavenly-harnes'd team
- Begins his golden progress in the east.
- *Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing.
- By that time will our book, I think be drawn.
- *Glend.* Do so;
- And those musicians that shall play to you,
- Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
- Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
- *Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
- Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.
- *Lady.* Go, ye giddy goose.

[*The music plays*

Hot.

‘ *Hot.* Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
 ‘ And ’tis no marvel, he’s so humorous.

‘ By’r-lady, he’s a good musician.

‘ *Lady.* Then should you be nothing but musical; for
 ‘ you are altogether govern’d by humours. Lie still, ye
 ‘ thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

‘ *Hot.* I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in
 ‘ Irish.

‘ *Lady.* Would’st have thy head broken?

‘ *Hot.* No.

‘ *Lady.* Then be still.

‘ *Hot.* Neither; ’tis a woman’s fault.

‘ *Lady.* Now God help thee!

‘ *Hot.* To the Welsh lady’s bed.

‘ *Lady.* What’s that?

‘ *Hot.* Peace! she sings.

‘ [*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

‘ Come, Kate, I’ll have your song too.

‘ *Lady.* Not mine, in good sooth.

‘ *Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! ’Heart, you swear
 ‘ like a comfit-maker’s wife! Not you, in good sooth;
 ‘ and As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me;
 ‘ and, As sure as day: and givest such farcenet surety
 ‘ for thy oaths, as if thou never walk’dst further than
 ‘ Finsbury.

‘ Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

‘ A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth;

‘ And such protests of pepper ginger-bread,

‘ To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.

‘ Come, sing.

‘ *Lady.* I will not sing.

‘ *Hot.* ’Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Red-
 ‘ breast teacher. An the Indentures be drawn, I’ll
 ‘ away within these two hours; and so come in when ye
 ‘ will. [*Exit.*

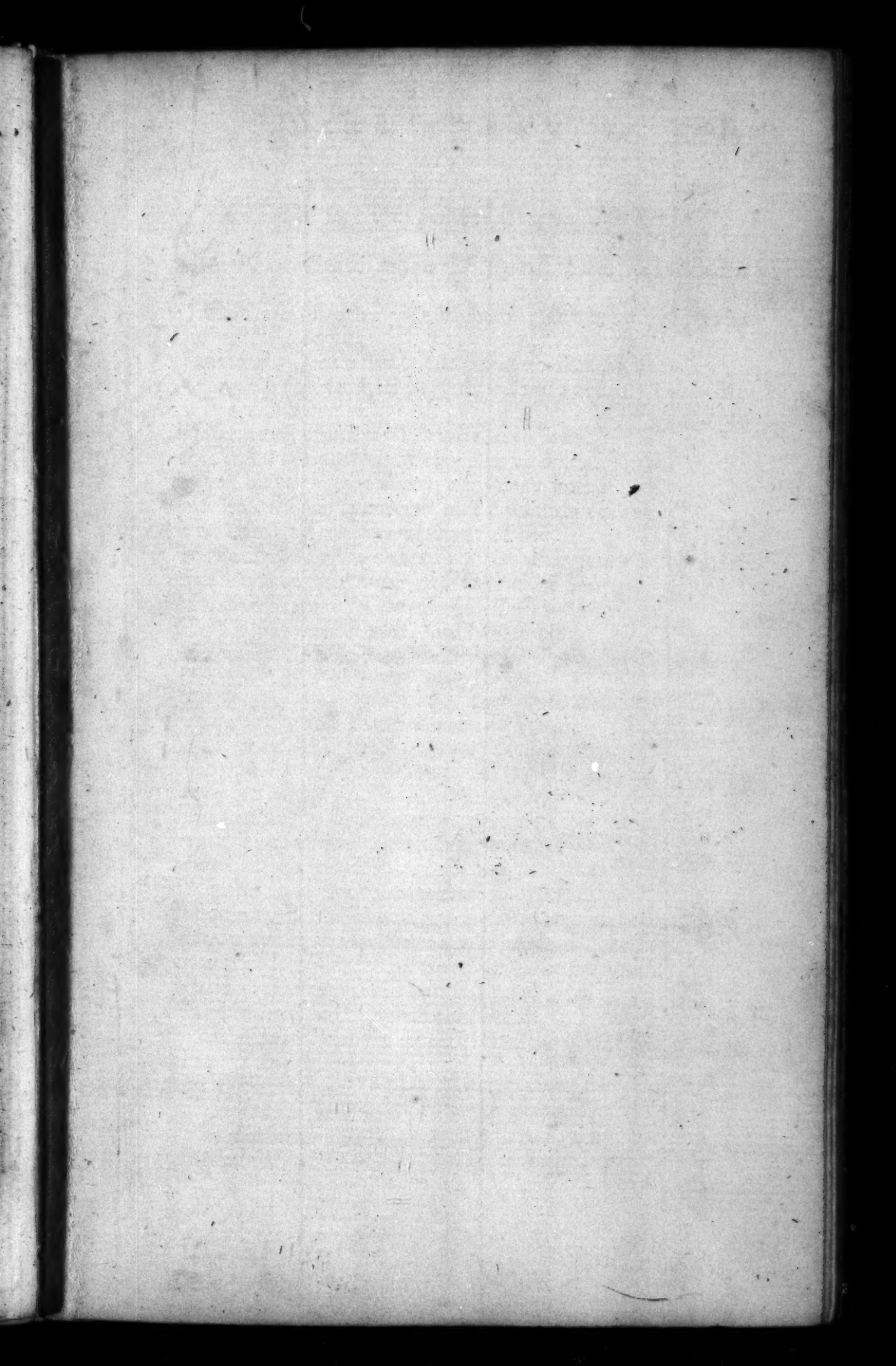
‘ *Glend.* Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
 ‘ As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

‘ By this, our book is drawn; we will but seal,

‘ And then to horse immediately.

‘ *Mort.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE



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SCENE, *The presence-chamber in Windsor.*

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords, and others.

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales
and I,

Must have some private conference: But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
~~Such barren pleasures, rude society,~~
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As in reproof of many tales devis'd,—

~~Which of the sort of greatness needs must be,~~

~~By smiling pictures and by new images,~~

I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;

C

And

And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood :

~~' That he had a reputation of his time~~

~~' In the eyes of the whole country~~

~~' Prophecies that he should think himself~~

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,

~~' So that and cheap to vulgar company ;~~

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

Had still kept loyal to possession ;

~~' And it was a great and noble entertainment,~~

~~' To follow me with much more likelihood.~~

By being seldom seen, I could not stir,

But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :

That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*

Others would say, — *Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*

' And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,

' And dress'd myself in such humility,

' That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

' Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,

' Even in the presence of the crowned king.

' Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;

~~' My presence, like a cherub's face,~~

' Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : ~~and so my state,~~

~~' Solem, but simple, shew'd like a saint ;~~

~~' And men, by my looks, such solemnity.~~

' The skipping king, he ambled up and down

' With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,

~~' Soothsayers, and such like, and did his ear~~

' Mingled his royalty with carping fools ;

' Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;

' And gave his countenance, against his name,

' To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push

' Of every beardless vain comparative :

' Grew a companion to the common streets,

~~' And so did himself to popularity :~~

' That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,

' They surfeited with honey ; and began

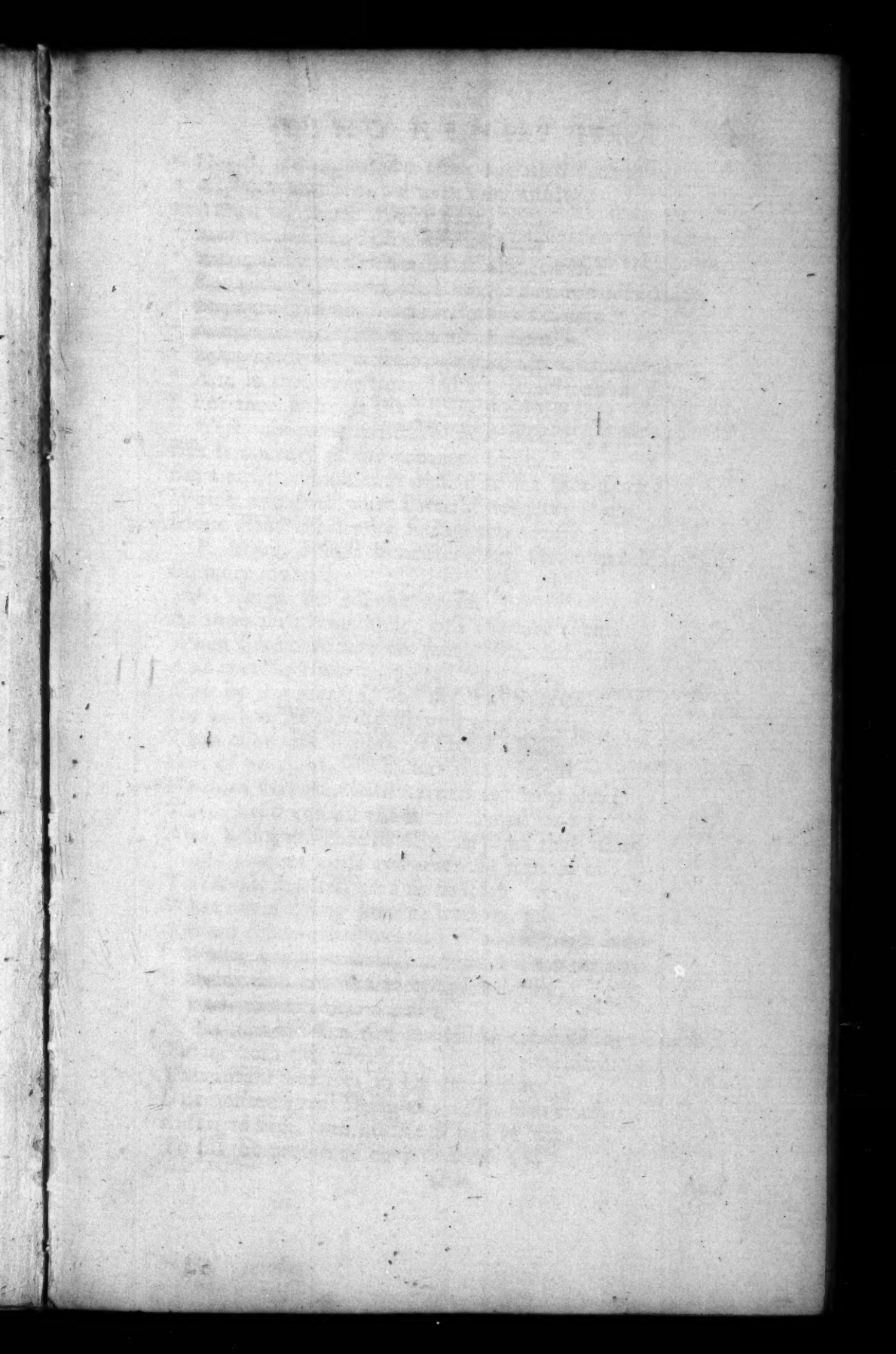
' To loath the taste of sweetness, ~~whereof a little~~

~~' More than a little is too much too much.~~

' So, when he had occasion to be seen,

' He was but as the cuckow is in June,

' Heard,



' Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 ' As, sick and blunted with community,
 ' Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 ' ~~Such as is bent on him like a jewel~~
 ' ~~When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :~~
 ' ~~But rather down'd, and hanging their eyes hid down.~~
 ' ~~Except in his face, and render'd full respect~~
 ' ~~On his only person, who is their chief end ;~~
 ' ~~Being with his presence glaz'd, and gould, and cell.~~
 ' And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :
 ' For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 ' With vile participation ;' now there's not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth what I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

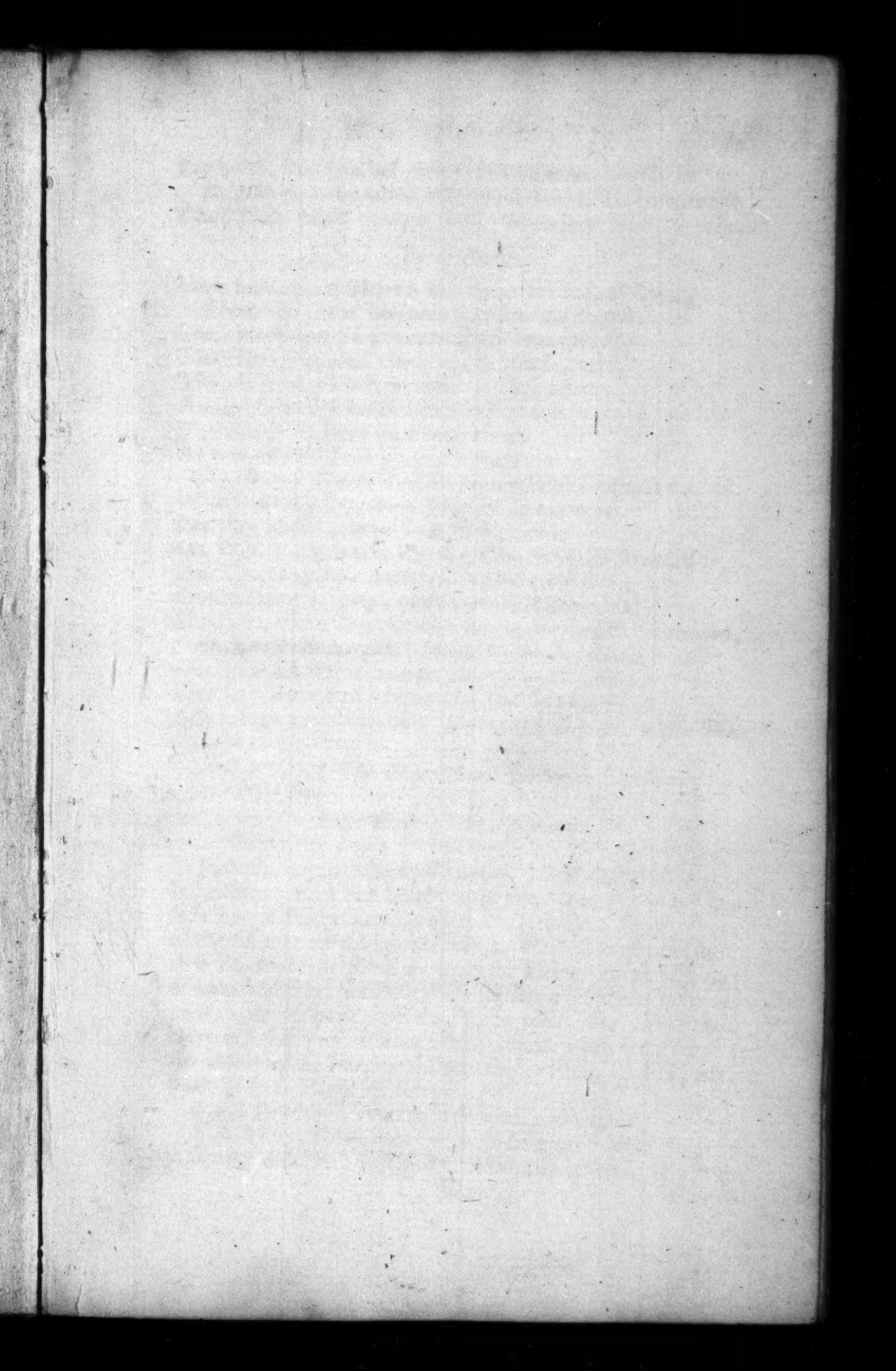
P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

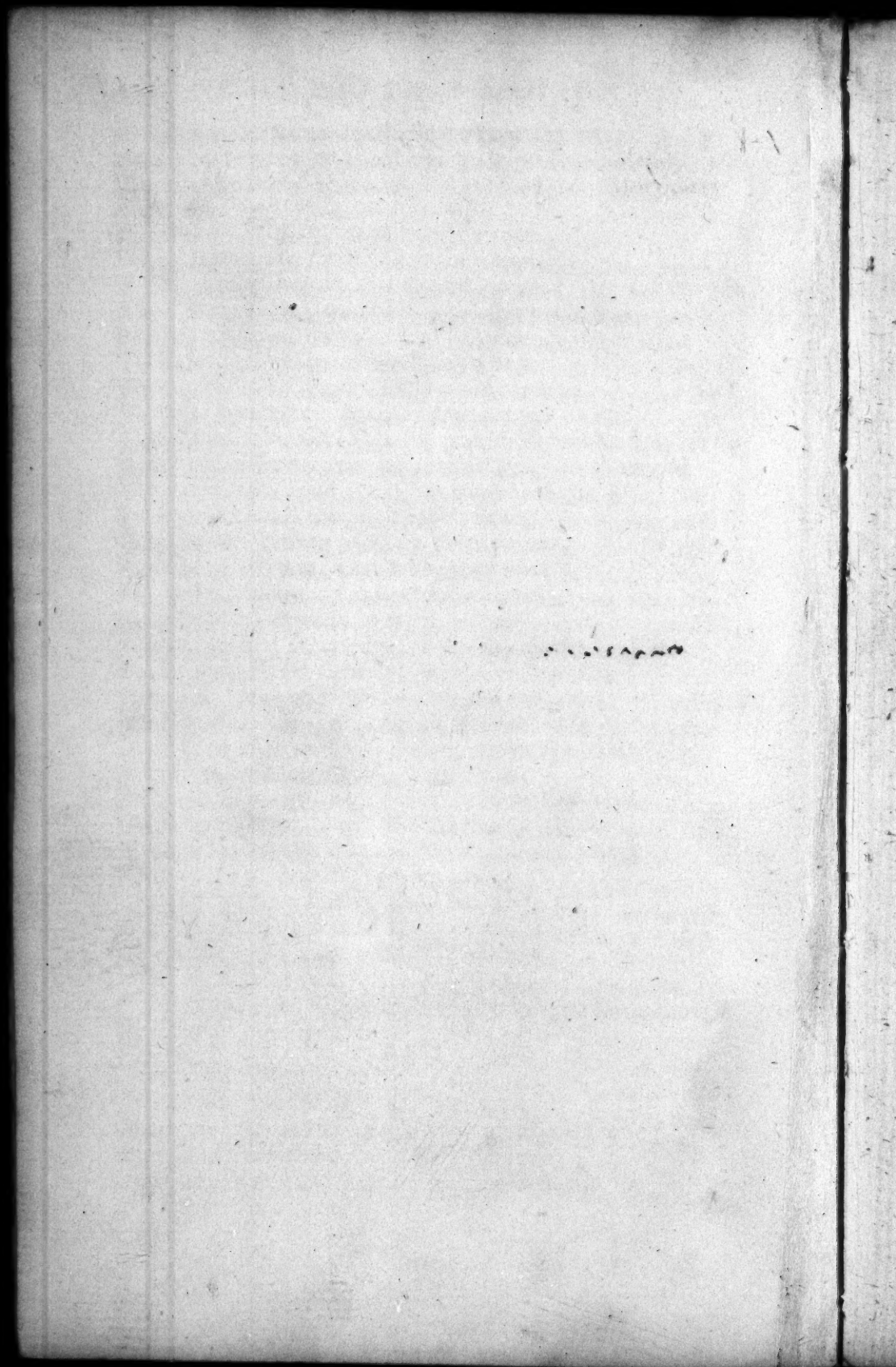
K. Henry. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge ;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession :
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm ;
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas ; ' ~~whose high deeds,~~
 ' ~~whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,~~
 ' ~~holds from all sides, which majesty,~~
 ' ~~and military discipline,~~
 ' ~~throughout the kingdom, acknowledge Christ~~
 Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing cloaths,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
 Discomfited great Douglas ; ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,

And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up;
 'You never the English worship of his time.'
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 'This, in the name of God, I promise here:
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,

Ere





Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word;—

That Douglas, and the English rebels, met;

The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :

A mighty and a fearful head they are,

If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;

For this advertisement is five days old :—

On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward :

On Thursday, we ourselves will march :

Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you

Shall march through Glostershire ; by which '~~recent~~,

~~' Our business is done,~~' some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business : let's away ;

Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Boar's-head tavern in East-cheap.*

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's hose; the inside of a church :—Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it :—come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman

tleman need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little ; dined not above seven times a week : went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter of an hour ; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times ; liv'd well and in good compass : and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass ; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man does of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell fire, ' ~~and~~ *Dice that he is in purple* ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. — If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be, *by this fire* : but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness.' When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandlers in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years ; heaven reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood I would my face were in your belly.

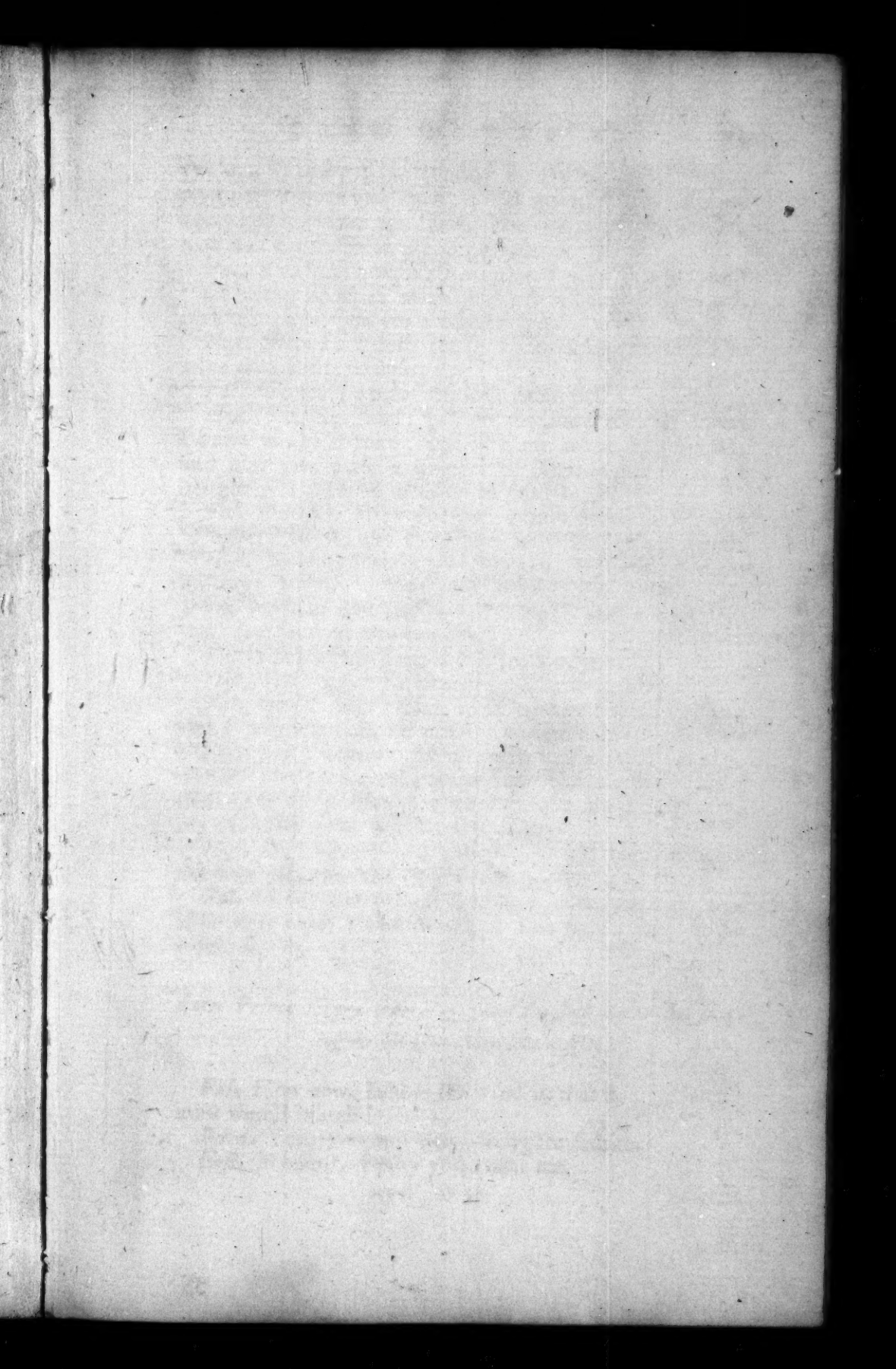
Fal. 'God a-mercy !' so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket ?

Host. Why, Sir John ! what do you think, Sir John ?

Do



Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shav'd, and 'lost many an hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd: go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four-and-twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty marks.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets him playing on his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd. This house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it. I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

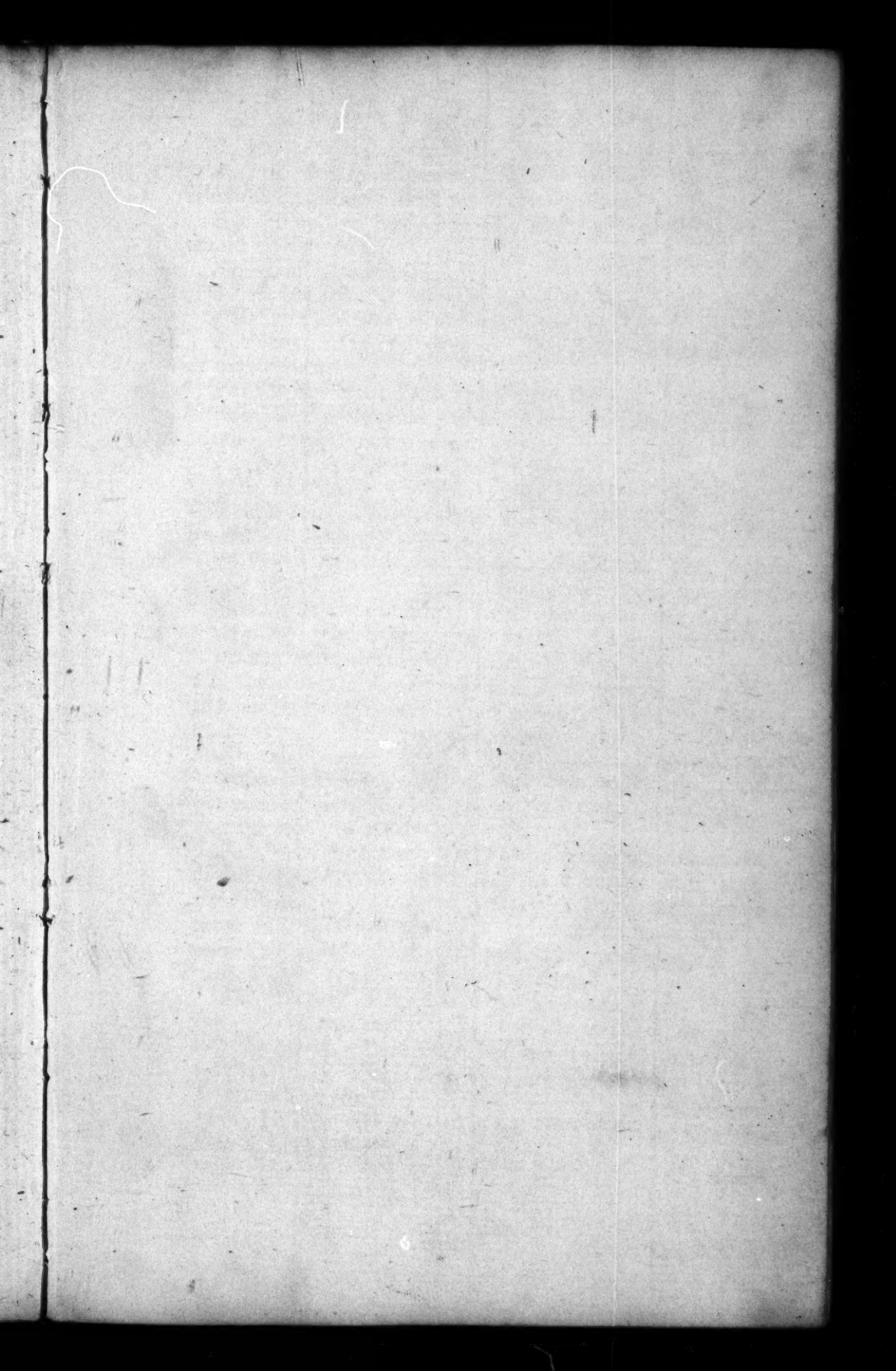
Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: ~~thou, or~~
~~any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!~~

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ow'd him a thousand pound.

P. Henry





P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Hof. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees; 'But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, or honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket!' Why thou whore-son, impudent, imbofs'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; ~~if thy pocket were search'd~~ ~~'with any other injuries but these, I am a villain.'~~ And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st in the state of innocency Adam fell: and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.—You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket.

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfast.—Love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason. ~~Thou art an impudent fellow.~~—Nay, I pry'thee be gone.

[Exit Hostess.]

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answer'd?

P. Henry. 'O my sweet beef, I must still be good
'angel to thee.' The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double
labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may
do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing you do'st;
and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find
one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of two-and-
twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well,
God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but
the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph!—

Bard. My lord!

P. Henry. Go, bear this letter to lord John of Lan-
caster,

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

'Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I

'Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner time.—'

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i'the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

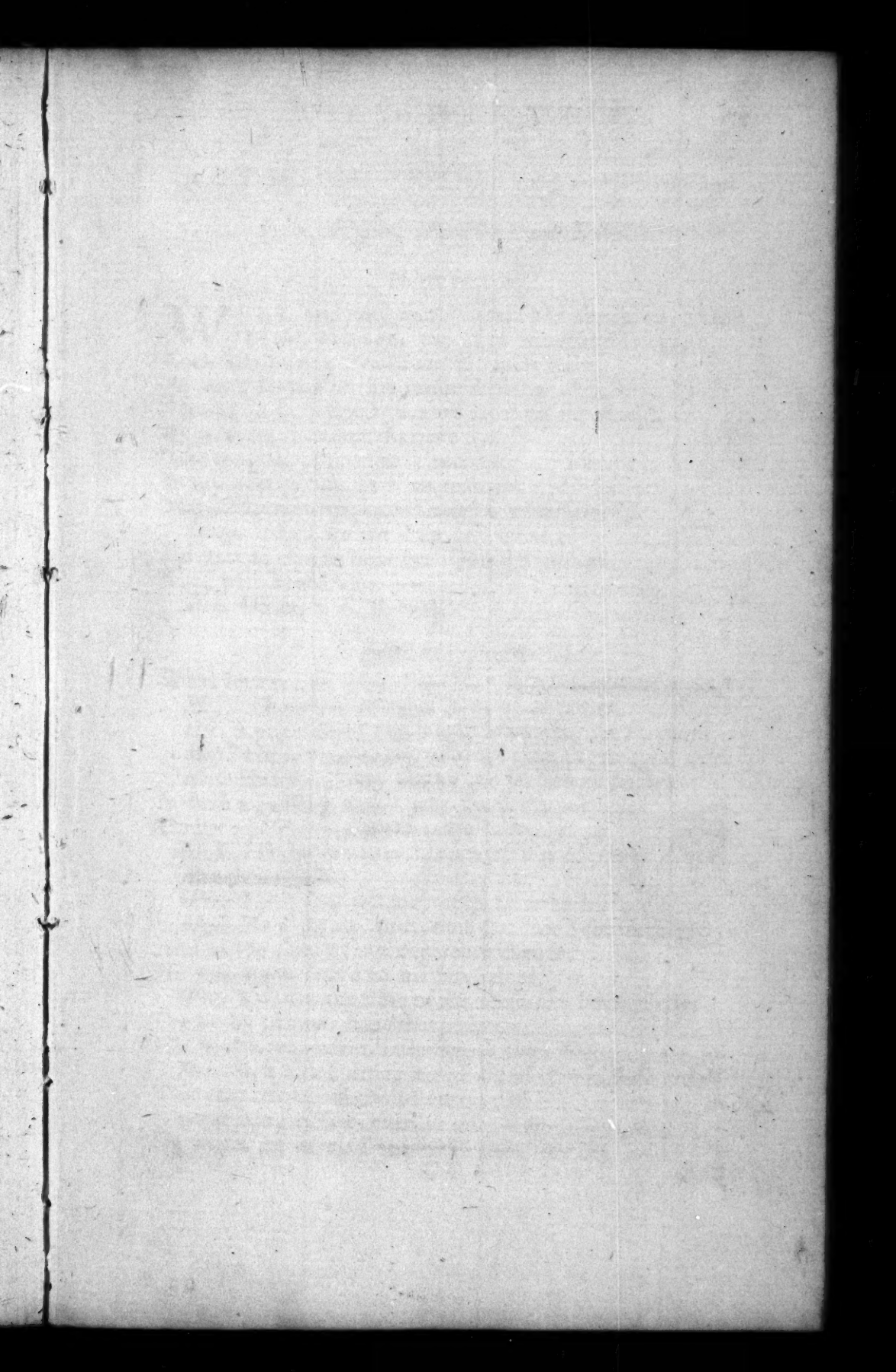
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince and Bard.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my break-
fast, come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum [Exit.]

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE, *The camp near Shrewsbury.**Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

HOTSPUR.

WELL said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth,
 In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
 Such attribution should the Douglas have,
 As not a soldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so general current through the world.
 By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
 The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
~~Myself, as I am, am not a soldier of this stamp.~~

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
 But I will beard him——

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:

Enter a Messenger.

What letters hast thou there?—~~from the king.~~

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. Heavens! how has he the leisure to be sick
 In such a justling time? who leads his powers?
 Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I. *my lord.*
~~My lord!~~

Wor. I pr'ythee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
 And at the time of my departure thence,
 He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
 Ere he by sickness had been visited;
 His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
 The very life-blood of our enterprize?

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here, ~~that I should not~~——

~~And~~ that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; ~~'not that he had not~~

~~'Today for danger we are all at hand~~
~~'Gone, for the world is full of lions.'~~

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:—
'And yet, in faith, 'tis not:—His present want
'Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good,
'To set the exact wealth of all our states
'All at one cast? to set so rich a main
'On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
'It were not good: for therein should we read
'The very bottom, and the soul of hope;
'The very list, the very utmost bound
'Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
'Where now remains a sweet reversion.
'We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
'Is to come in:

'A comfort of retirement lives in this.

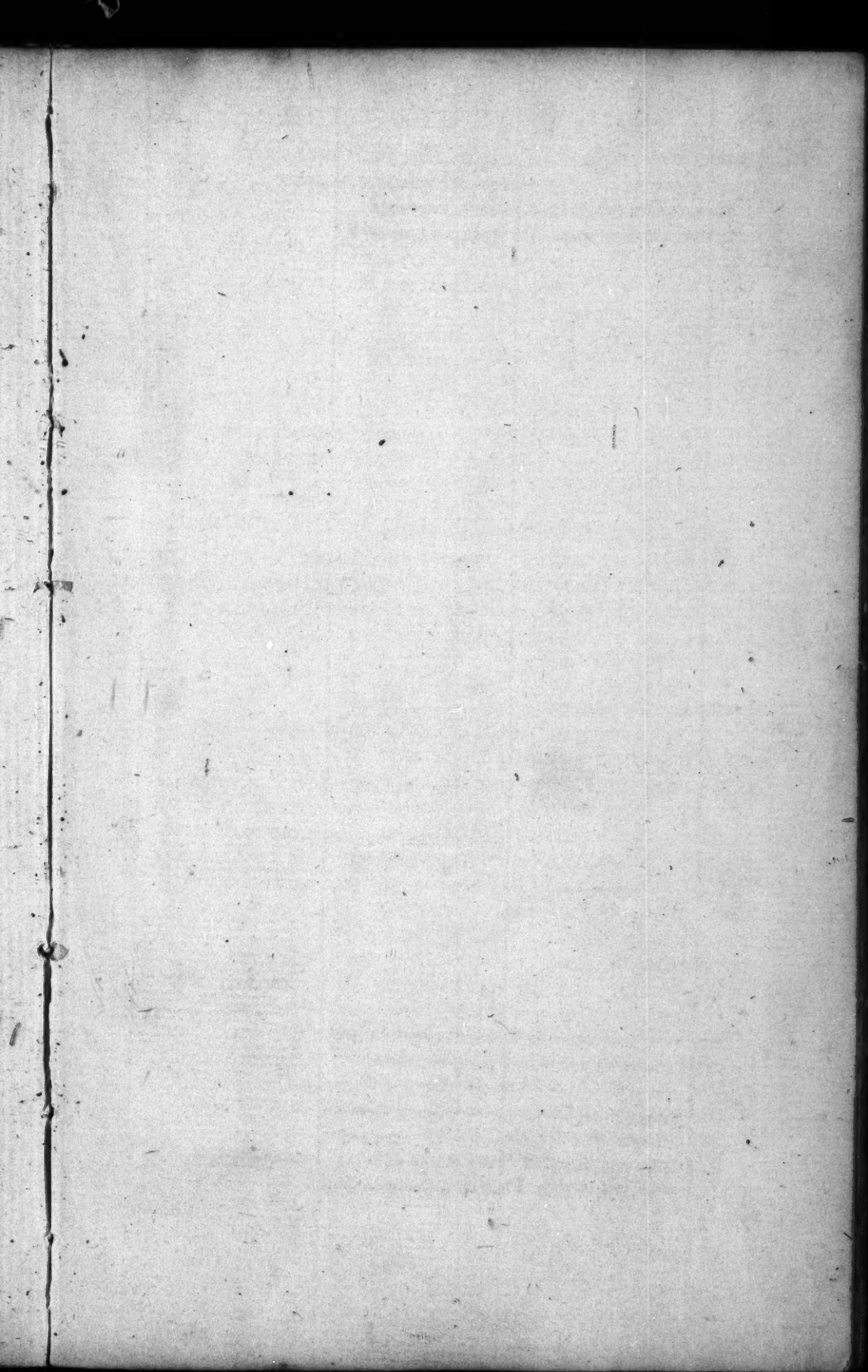
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
'If that the devil and mischance look big
'Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.'

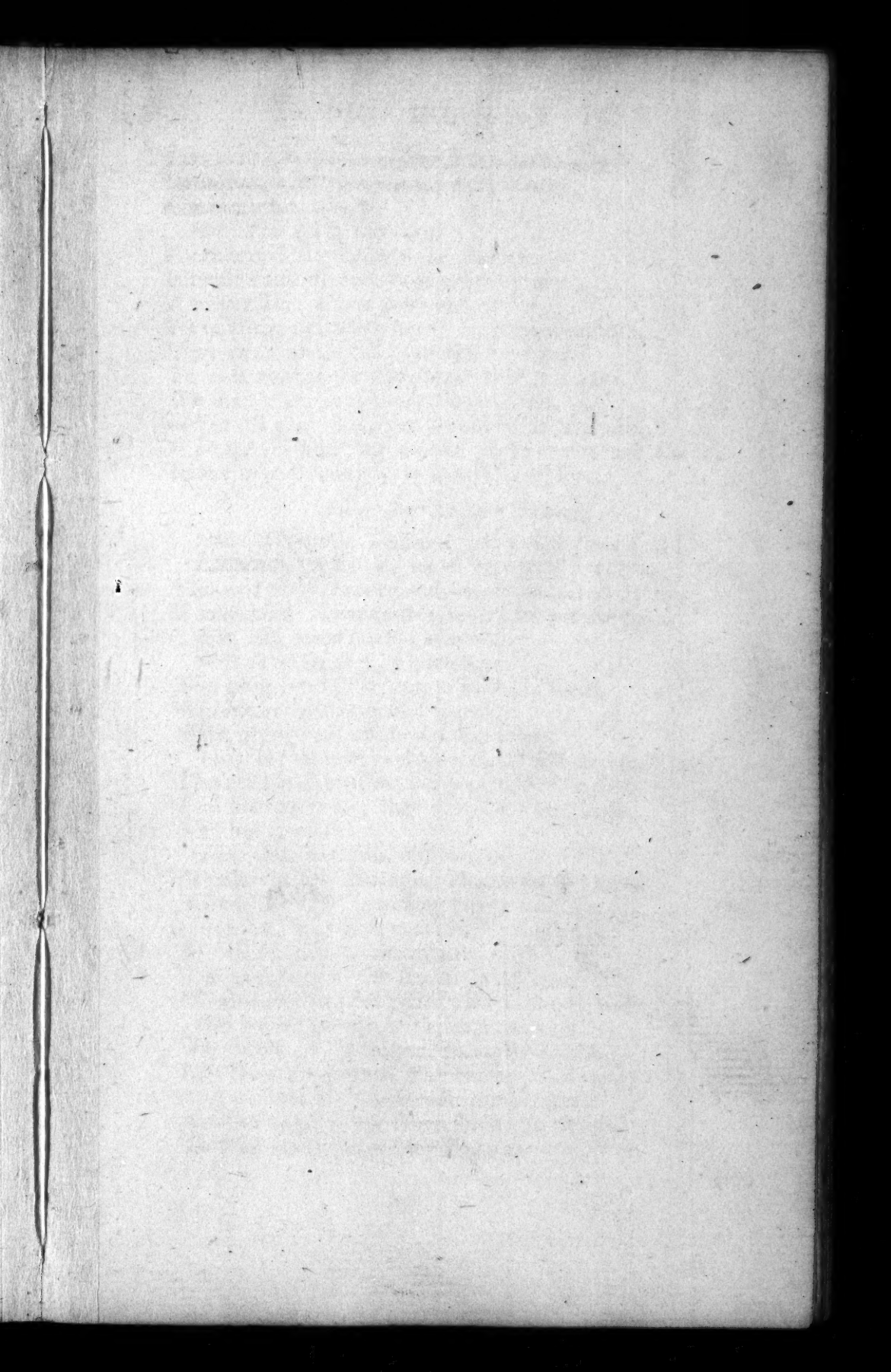
Wor. ~~'But get,~~ I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.

~~'And think, when you are apprehension
'Mortals should be able to find
'And shed a kind of passion in our cause:
'But you have run a false way
'Not to the point of your own advantage;
'And so all light here, can be a false one
'That you have made in your own way.'~~

his





Heav'n

wing

~~The absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shows the light of a kind of fear
Before our eyes.~~

Hot. You strain too far;
I rather of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topfy-turvy down.
—Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome by my soul!

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daft the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like stridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,

And

62 THE FIRST PART OF

And witch the world with noble horfemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worfe than the fun in March,

This praife doth nourifh agues. Let them come.

They come like facrifices in their trim,

And to the fire-ey'd maid of fmoaky war,

All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.

The mailed Mars fhall on his altar fit

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,

To hear this rich reprifal is fo nigh,

And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horfe,

Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,

Against the bōfom of the prince of Wales.

Harry to Harry fhall, ~~his~~ horfe to horfe— *and*

Meet and ne'er part, till one drop down a corfe.—

O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worft tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frofty found.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thoufand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may ferve fo great a day.

Come, let us take a mufter fpeedily:

Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear

Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[A march. Exeunt.]

SCENE, *A publick road near Coventry.*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of fack. Our foldiers fhall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make

The Wood.

contracted

from

make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage.
Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

[*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a fouc'd gurnet. I have misus'd the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomens sons: enquire me out ~~an~~ bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services. And now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus, in the painted cloth, 'where the glutton's dogs licked his sores:' and such as indeed were never soldiers; but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; 'ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old, fac'd ancient;' and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, ~~then~~ eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gybes on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of St. Albans, or the red-nos'd inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter prince Henry and Westmoreland.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal.

Fal. What, Hal?—How now, mad wag, what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Shrewsbury. A march.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

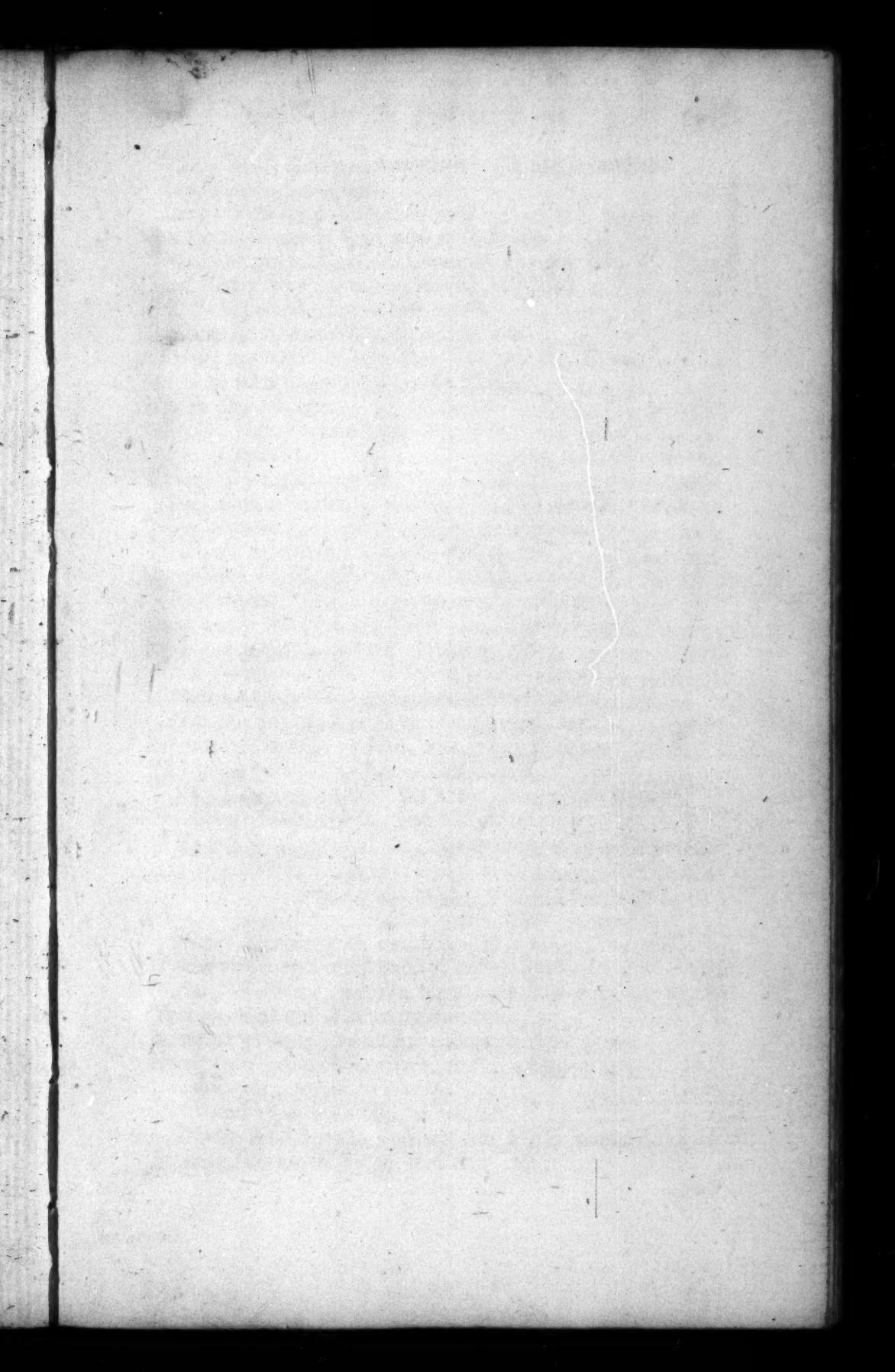
Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor.



Heaven's

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life)

If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

~~'That not above a half doth fall of his self.'~~

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy.
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpets sound a parley.]

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long, as out of limit, and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty !
 But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know.
 The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious land
 Audacious cruelty: if that the king
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed
 You shall have your desires, with interest;
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind, and well we know the king
 Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same royalty he wears:
 And, when he was not fix-and-twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded out-law, sneaking home,
 My father gave him welcome to the shore:
 And, when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came to be but duke of Lancaster,

~~That he would be no more,~~
~~With some of his own kindred,~~
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 They, more and less, came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages:

~~Accorded him on his knees, and in his law,~~
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,

~~And him that day, we gave following him,~~
~~Every day that he was in the land.~~

He presently, as greatness knows itself,
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg.

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain evils, and some strait decrees,

~~That he hath taken on the commonwealth:~~

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep

Over

Heaven

Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point. —

In short time after he depos'd the king;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
 (Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
 And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.

—Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes. And so-farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love!

Hot. It may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [Exeunt.]

* S C E N E, *The archbishop's Palace at York.*

* *Enter the archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.*

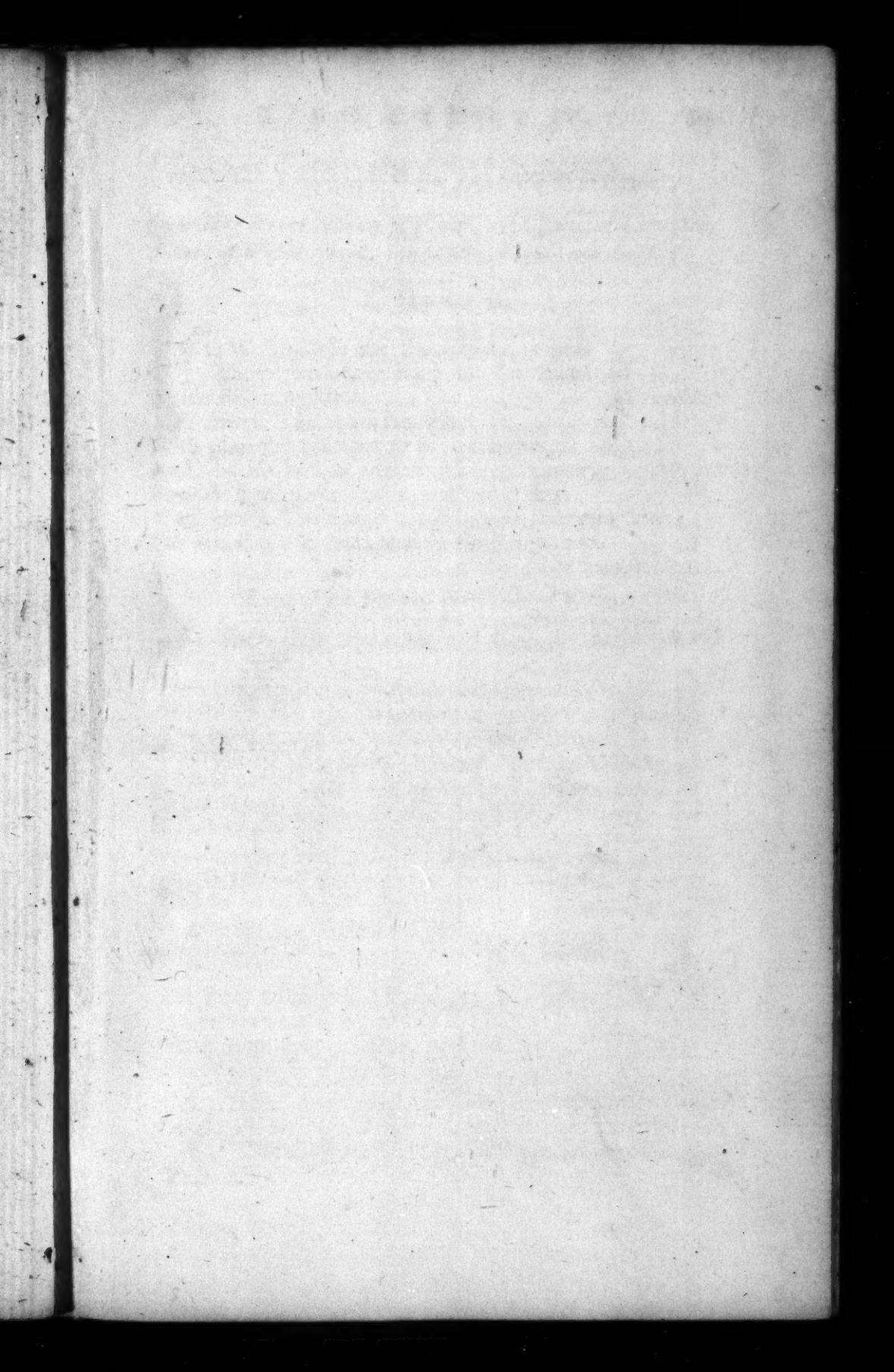
* *York.* Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
 * With winged haste to the lord Mereshal;
 * This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
 * To whom they are directed.—If you knew

* *How*

- * How much they do import, you would make haste.
- * *Sir Mich.* My good lord,
- * I guess their tenor.
- * *York.* Like enough, you do.
- * To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
- * Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
- * Must bide the touch: for, Sir, at Shrewsbury,
- * As I am truly given to understand,
- * The king, with mighty and quick-raised power;
- * Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,—
- * What with the sickness of Northumberland,
- * (Whose power was in the first proportion)
- * And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
- * (Who with them was a rated sinew too,
- * And comes not in, o'er rul'd by prophecies)—
- * I fear the power of Percy is too weak
- * To wage an instant trial with the king.
- * *Sir Mich.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
- * There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.
- * *York.* No, Mortimer is not there.
- * *Sir Mich.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry
- Percy,
- * And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
- * Of gallant warriors, noble gentleman.
- * *York.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
- * The special head of all the land together;—
- * The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
- * The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
- * And many more coriayls, and dear men
- * Of estimation and command in arms.
- * *Sir Mich.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
- oppos'd.
- * *York.* I hope no less; yet, needful 'tis to fear.
- * And to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
- * For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
- * Dismiss his power, he means to visit us:
- * For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
- * And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
- * Therefore make haste: I must go write again
- * To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



ACT V. SCENE, *The camp at Shrewsbury.*

*Enter king Henry, prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.*

K. HENRY.

HOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature. [*Trumpets.*]

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize ;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

K. Henry. How now, my lord of Worcester ? 'tis not
well

That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't ; will you again unknot
This churlish knot of all-aborred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief, to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege. —

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not sought it ! how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
 Of favour, from myself, and all our house; —
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you, my staff of office ~~and~~ break *did I*
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account.
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I. —
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
 The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The feat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
 To this, we swore our aid: but in short space
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you—

~~Which was the cause of your fall;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

That you Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;

And, being fed by us, you us'd us so,

As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,

Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;

Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,

That even our love durst not come near your sight

For fear of swallowing: but with nimble wing

We were infore'd, for safety's sake, to fly

Out of your sight, and raise this present head,

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

~~'Till that we were all in a time;~~

K. Henry.

a pause

But.

+ bold.

Harry.

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour, ~~that may please the eye~~

~~And with some fine colour, that may please the eye~~

~~And with some fine colour, that may please the eye~~

~~And with some fine colour, that may please the eye~~

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of ~~Henry~~ Percy.—By my hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not think, a braver gentleman,

~~More dashing, or more bold, is now alive;~~

More daring, or more bold, is now alive;

To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

I have a truant been to chivalry;

And so, I hear, he doth account me too.

Yet this before my father's majesty—

I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture
thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,

We love our people well; even those we love,

That are misled upon your cousin's part:

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,

Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

What he will do. But if he will not yield,

Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,

And they shall do their office. So, be gone;

We

We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[Exit Worcester, with Vernon.]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge.
For, on their answer, we will set on them:
And God besfriend us, as our cause is just! [Exeunt.]

Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heaven a death. [Exit.]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour? air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it; honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.]

SCENE, *Hotspur's camp.*

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

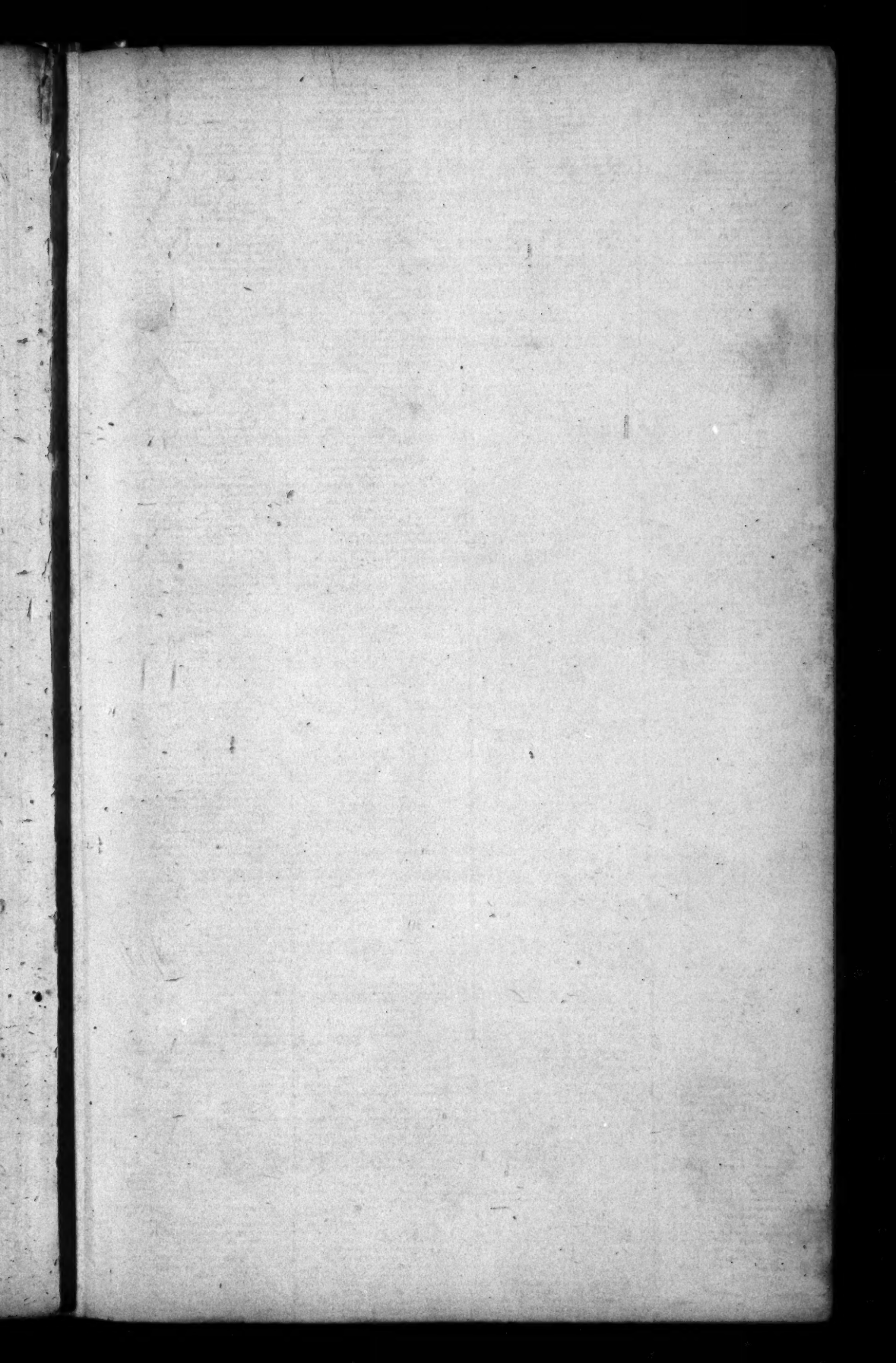
Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;

He



' He will suspect us still, and find a time
 ' To punish this offence in other faults.
 ' ~~He will not be so easily deceived as you:~~
 ' ~~He will not be so easily deceived as you:~~
 ' ~~Whom he will cherish, and whom he will~~
 ' ~~Will he not be so easily deceived as you:~~
 ' Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 ' Interpretation will misquote our looks;
 ' And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 ' The better cherish'd, still the nearer death,
 ' My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
 ' It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
 ' ~~And he will not be so easily deceived as you:~~
 ' ~~A traitor's heart will not be so easily deceived as you:~~
 ' All his offences live upon my head,
 ' And on his father's; ~~we will not be so easily deceived as you:~~
 ' ~~And he will not be so easily deceived as you:~~
 ' ~~We will not be so easily deceived as you:~~
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd.—Deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall; and very willingly. [*Exit.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
 He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
 A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,

D

And

And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales slept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare,
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise

~~By his discourse, and his behaviour.~~
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
'Of any prince, so wild, at liberty.'
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed. ~~And fellow soldiers, friends,~~
~~Be ye ready, for the prince is here,~~
~~That shall show you all the way to glory,~~
~~And shall make you all his soldiers.~~

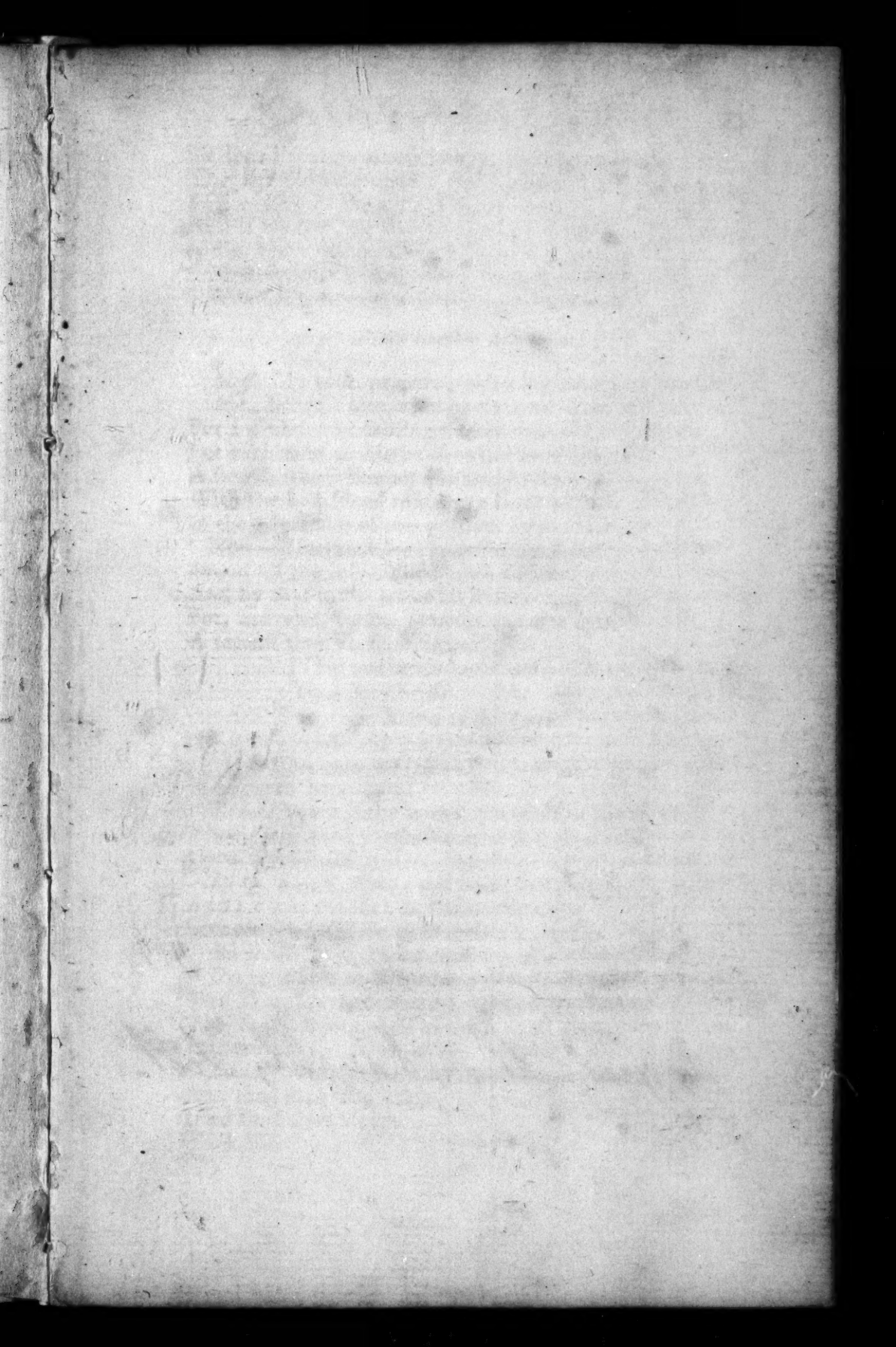
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;

To



Thy yield thou haughty Scot.

To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long,
 Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
~~' Now for our consciences, the same we feel,~~
~~' When the intent for bearing them is just.'~~

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking; only this—
 Let each man do his best.—And here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal,
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 ' Now—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on;
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace:
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[They embrace, then exeunt. The trumpets sound.]

Alarm to the battle.

Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
 Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
 Thy likeness; for instead of thee, king Harry,
 This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born ~~in battle, when I was born~~
 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
 Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, Blunt is slain; then enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I ~~never~~ had triumph'd ~~over~~ a Scot. [king.]

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas! no. I know his face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. 'Ah! fool, go with thy soul whither it goes!
'A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.'
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
'I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
'Until I meet the king.'

Hot. Up, and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt]

Other alarms, enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—
Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt? there's honour
for you; here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead,
and as heavy too: heaven keep lead out of me! I need
no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my
raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's ~~not~~ three
of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the
town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me
thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a
while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as
I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made
him sure.

P. Henry.

neen, oer,

but.

Battle

P. Henry. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

[*The prince draws it out, and finds it a bottle of Sack.*]

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life, which if I can save, so: if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit.]

* *Alarm, excursions. Enter the king, the prince, lord John of Lancaster, and the earl of Westmoreland.*

* *K. Henry.* Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:—

* Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

* *Lan.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

* *P. Henry.* I beseech your Majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

* *K. Henry.* I will do so.—

* My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

* *West.* Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

* *P. Henry.* Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help;

* And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive.

* The prince of Wales from such a field as this,

* Where stain'd nobility lies trodden-on,

* And rebels arms triumph in massacres!

* *Lan.* We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland,

* Our duty this way lies; for heaven's sake, come.

[*Exeunt P. John and Westm.*]

* *P. Henry.* By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;

* I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

* ~~*P. Henry.* I have been told that thou art a coward;~~

* ~~*P. Henry.* I have been told that thou art a coward;~~

* *K. Henry.* I saw him hold lord Percy at the point;

- With lustier maintenance than I did look for
- Of such an ungrown warrior.
- *P. Henry.* Oh, this boy
- Lends mettle to us all!

[Exit.

• *Enter Douglas.*

- *Doug.* Another king!—they grow, like Hydra's heads.
- I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
- That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
- That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
- *K. Henry.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
- So many of his shadows thou hast met,
- And not the very king. I have two boys
- Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
- But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
- I will assay thee; defend thyself. *50*
- *Doug.* I fear, thou art another counterfeit:
- And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
- But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
- And thus I win thee.

• [They fight, the king being in danger.]

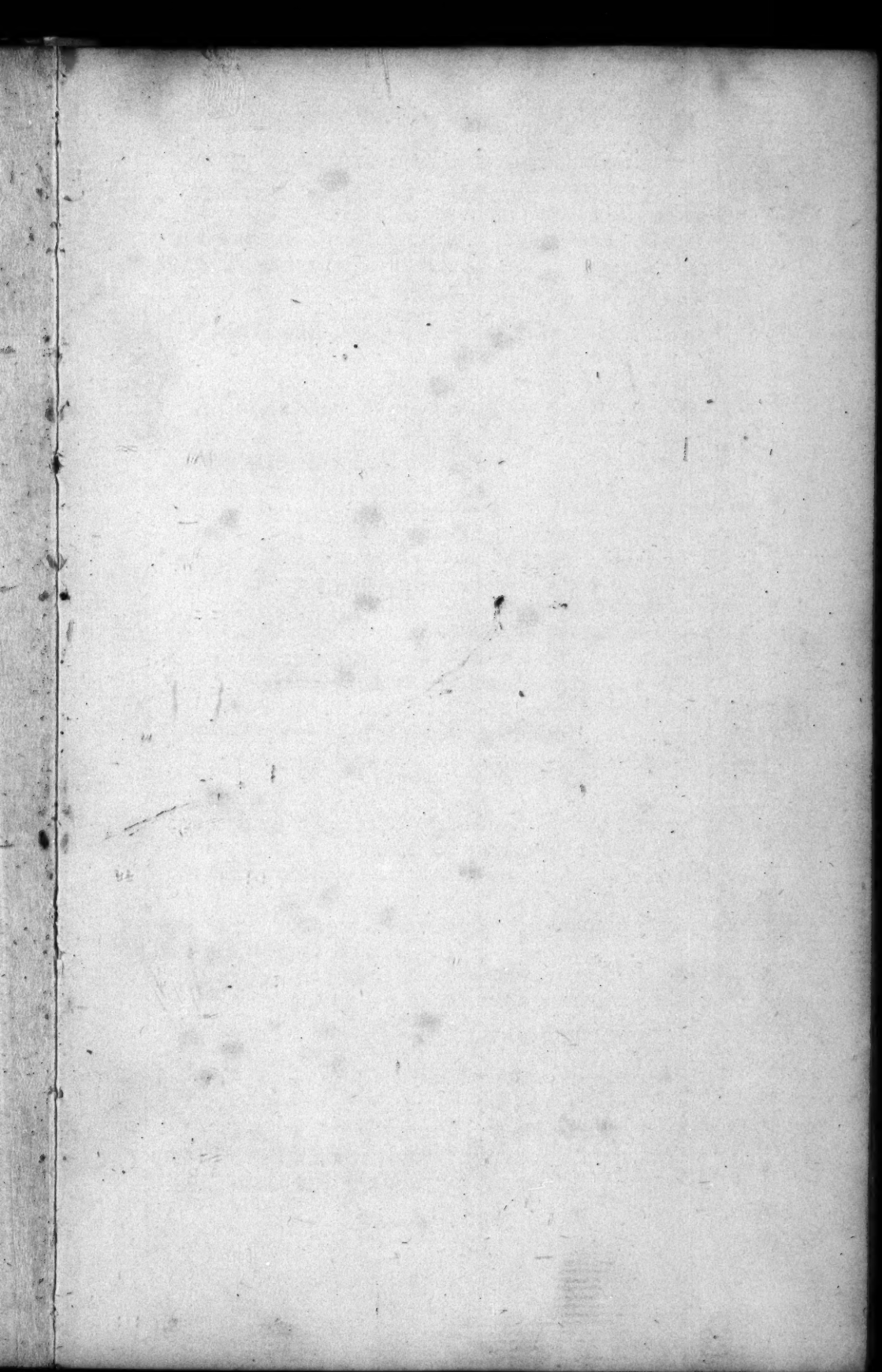
• *Enter prince Henry.*

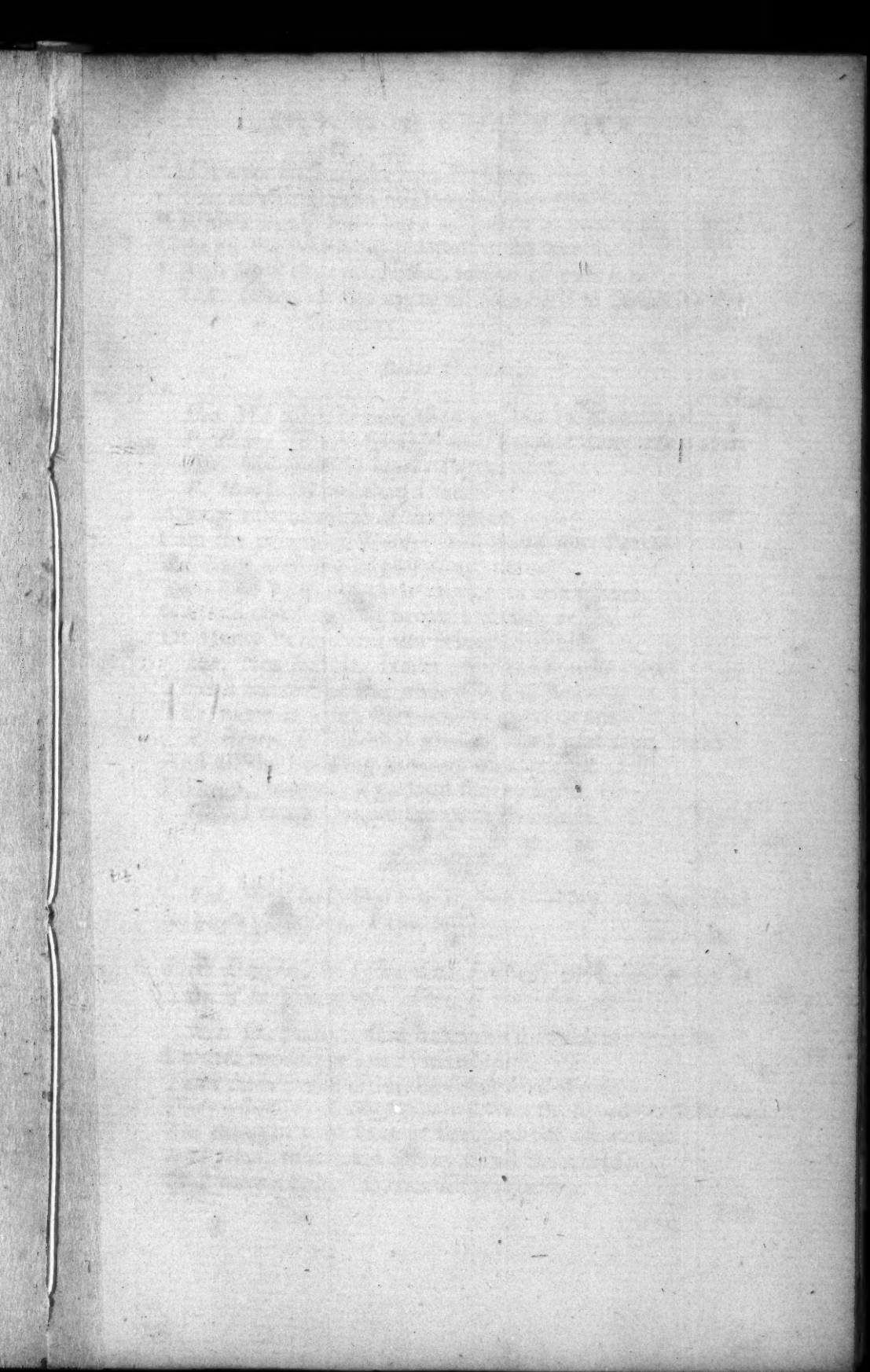
- *P. Henry.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
- Never to hold it up again! the spirits
- Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.
- It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
- Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.

• [They fight, Douglas flyeth.]

- Chearly, my lord; how fares your grace?
- Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for succour sent,
- And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton strait.
- *K. Henry.* Stay and breathe a-while:—
- Thou hast redeem'd ~~thy~~ lost opinion; *my*
- And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
- In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
- *P. Henry.* O heaven! they did me too much injury,
- That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.

• If





- If it were so, I might have let alone
- The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;
- Which would have been as speedy in your end,
- As all the poisonous potions in the world,
- And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.
- *K. Henry.* Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas
- *Gawsey.* [Exit.]

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales : and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign

Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; and would to heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.]

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you shall find
no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as
if he were dead. Percy is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh :—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[Dies.]

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well,
great heart!

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

~~'If thou wert faint of cowardly,
'I should not make thee gentle of heart:—
'But let my sword be hid, thy mangled face,
'And thou art in the belly, I shall not fold.
'But being the fainter of cowardly.~~

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph! [He sees Falstaff.]

—What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack! farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fair a deer to-day,

Though many a dearer in this bloody fray: *Fal.*

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;

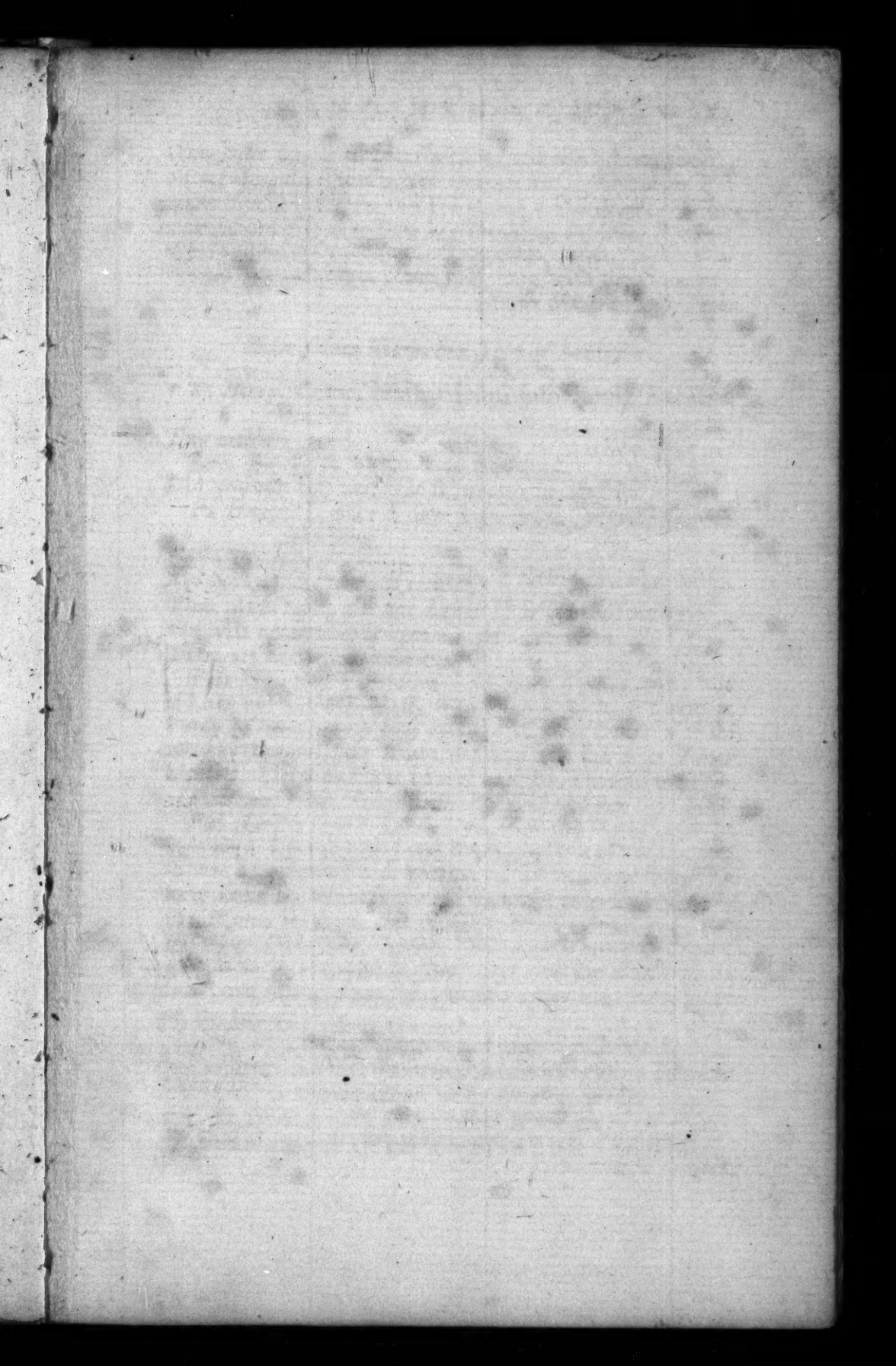
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.]

Falstaff, rising slowly.

Fal. Imbowell'd!—if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll
give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to-morrow!
'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant
Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? 'I lie,'
I am no counterfeit. To die, is to be a counterfeit; for
he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life
of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby
liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect
image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is dis-
cretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life.
I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead.

How



How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear, I kill'd him. Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes Hotspur on his back.]

Enter prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead? *and*

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead, ^{and} breathless ~~and~~
~~bleeding~~

~~Upon~~ the ground.

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy?

That plays upon our eye-sight? *Pr'ythee, speak;*

We will not trust our eyes without our ears.

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not Jack Falstaff, then I am a Jack. There is Percy [*Throwing the body down*]; if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look either to be earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it on my death I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.— Come bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead. [Exeunt.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [Exit.

The trumpets sound. Enter king Henry, prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster, earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

'Mistake the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

'~~Thou dost not know our party, thinkest thou,~~

'~~And dost not know our purpose, thinkest thou,~~

'~~And dost not know our power, thinkest thou,~~

'~~And dost not know our hope, thinkest thou,~~

'~~And dost not know our intelligence?~~

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too.

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.

'How goes the field?' [saw

'*P. Henry.* The gallant Scot, lord Douglas, when he

'The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

'The noble Percy slain, and all his men

'Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;

'And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,

'That the pursuers took him. At my tent

'The Douglas is; and, I beseech your grace,

'I may dispose of him.

'*K. Henry.* With all my heart.

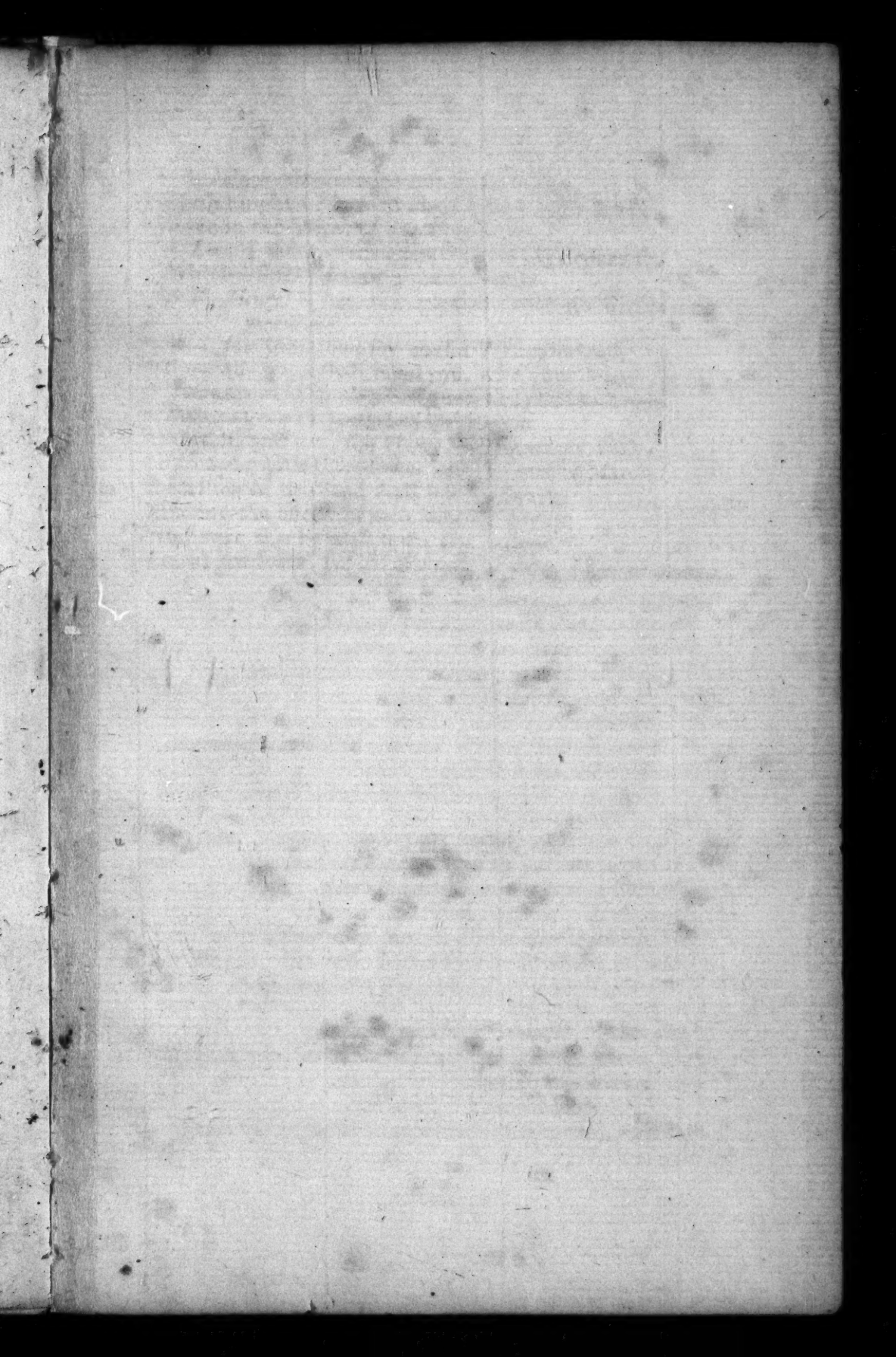
'*P. Henry.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

'This honourable bounty shall belong.

'Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

'Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.

'His



- His valour shewn upon our crests to-day,
 - Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
 - Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
 - *Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
 - Which I shall give away immediately.
 - *K. Henry.* Then this remains, that we divide our
power.—
 - You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
 - Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
 - ~~Towards Northumberland, and the parts thereof,~~
 - ~~Where a weak army doth lie in arms.~~
 - Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
 - To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
- Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

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